

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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OUR HOSPITALS.

(I.) THE HOUSE-SURGEON.

THERE is nothing that interrupts the even tenor of country-house life so much as the occurrence of accident or sudden illness in one of the party. How many of us have experienced ourselves, or have sympathised with our friends on experiencing the shock when, after weary hours of waiting for the promised relief, which the cheery face of the old and trusted family practitioner is sure to bring, there enters in his stead a young man, beardless and bashful, who, whatever may be his qualifications from a legal point of view, has evidently but little acquaintance with the sick-room of a private house. The older man is ill, or away, and has sent his junior partner or a "locum tenens." In a case of illness the patient thus situated may be at a disadvantage. There is a confidence and an air of reassurance which comes only with experience, and which goes far to take the place of more recent scientific methods, and at once lays the foundation of that implicit trust and reliance between patient and doctor without which both drugs and directions must fail to combat disease. But, on the contrary, it is no disparagement to the older man to say that in most cases of accident the patient will fare better in the hands of his junior, especially if, as ought always to be the case, the young man has recently held some responsible surgical post in a hospital where accidents are treated. Take up the morning paper, and in some corner will be found a paragraph somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Jones, House Surgeon to St. Barnabas Hospital, stated
VOL. VIII.—NO. XLIV.

that the deceased was brought in at three o'clock in the morning, that he saw him immediately on his admission. The patient was insensible, and was bleeding profusely from an irregular wound of the scalp; that everything possible was done for him, but that he expired in the course of an hour. On cross-examination, he admitted that the wound might have been caused by a fall, but there was no bruise or sign that the patient had fallen, and, in his opinion, the death might have been caused by a blunt instrument such as the poker produced."

Some such evidence as this may be read in every newspaper daily, but how many of the thousands that scan the reports of inquests or of the police-courts have any idea of the duties, responsibilities, or qualifications of the young man whose evidence may be sufficient to condemn a prisoner on a charge of manslaughter, or send him to the gallows? It is hardly to be wondered at that the public should know so little concerning the duties of such an office, since the newspaper reporters not unfrequently show their own ignorance, and add to the confusion by some such statement as that the patient's condition was deemed so serious "that Dr. —," naming one of the greatest surgeons in London,—*"the senior House Surgeon,"* was sent for to operate."

It is many years since I filled the post of House Surgeon to a large hospital, but it is not at all uncommon for friends, on learning that I hold a position in connection with such an institution to enquire if I am the House Surgeon, and whether I have to live there? Fancy asking the senior partner of a firm of solicitors if he had served his articles, or a leading Q.C. if he was still eating his dinners at the Temple! But now that I have a House Surgeon to watch the cases under my care, and carry out my directions respecting them, it has struck me that some of my past experience might be useful and interesting, to those at least—happily an increasing number—who concern themselves with such zeal and self-denying energy to watch over the affairs and conduct of our hospitals. It may, moreover, not be out of place, at a time when many recent events have caused the public to learn much of the darker events that occur in the Metropolis, to tell something of the working of those institutions to which almost all serious casualties are taken, whether they be due to accident or violence, and then to explain the duties and positions of the various responsible authorities in London General Hospital.

By a General Hospital is understood a hospital which provides accommodation for every class of case, whether accidents, which of course come under the care of surgeons, or diseases which may be medical or surgical. In the larger hospitals each class of case is treated in a separate ward, and in some each ward is under the superintendence of separate officers, accidents being provided for by a distinct ward, or being received into the beds allotted to the surgeon under whose care they happen to fall. Besides this, separate wards, or a certain number of beds are set apart for special classes of cases, such as ophthalmia, the diseases of children, or those peculiar to women; and for each of these a Visiting Physician or Surgeon is appointed. It is from the cases which occupy these beds that all clinical or bed-side teaching has to be given, and the resident agent whose duty it is to attend to their immediate wants and to carry out the treatment prescribed by the Visiting Physician or Surgeon, is the House Physician, or House Surgeon, as the case may be.

To most of the large London Hospitals a Medical School is attached, and it is from the senior pupils that the house officers are selected. These appointments are eagerly sought for, and therefore, when there are a number of candidates, the selection is made by competitive examination. In those hospitals to which no school is attached, the appointment is made from among those who apply in answer to advertisement, and in such cases a small salary is given. But where the appointment is made from among the pupils of a school, nothing beyond board and lodging is given, and in some instances a fee of £50 is paid by the House Surgeon, which goes into the pocket of the surgeon under whom he has to work. The period of tenure of office varies in different places from six to twelve months, or even more. But the experience to be gained is so great, that it is an essential part of the career of all those who aspire to a high position in their profession; and there is therefore never a lack of candidates from among the most prominent students who can afford to give up a year or so before entering into practice. A person to hold any of the resident appointments must, of course, be legally qualified to practice medicine and surgery, or, in other words, must have passed the examinations, and hold the diploma of one or more of the many licensing bodies.

Taking then only the "Surgical Side," or that portion of

the hospital which is devoted to surgical cases, of which there is always a larger proportion than on the medical side, the patients are more or less equally distributed among the beds which are under the charge of the various surgeons. Of these, there are three, four, or five, according to the size of the hospital, and to each surgeon is attached an assistant surgeon, who attends the hospital on the same day as his senior; visits the wards for him if he is compelled to be absent, and assists him in the performance of operations, &c. When a vacancy occurs on the staff, a new officer is elected, and he commences as the junior assistant, and gradually works his way up until it is his turn to be elected one of the visiting staff, when he takes the duties of his predecessor. Besides his duty as assistant, he has on certain days to see the out-patients, but except in the absence of the senior, has no charge of the patients in the wards, unless by favour he is granted a small number of beds. The mode in which cases are allotted to the care of the several officers varies in different institutions. In some all cases admitted during certain days are entrusted to the surgeons in a definite appointed order; in others, each surgeon is responsible in turn for all cases admitted during the course of a week, and in some such way a fairly even distribution is made. Except when sent for on account of some emergency, such as a severe accident requiring operation, the surgeons visit their wards at stated times and on regular days, though, when there are many serious cases under his charge, there are very few days when a less formal visit is not paid.

Let us accompany a Visiting Surgeon on his round. He is met in the Hall by the House Surgeon and Dressers, who are students appointed in rotation after they have passed the first professional examination, to work under the superintendence of the House Surgeon, and by a number of other students who are anxious to have instruction from him regarding the cases under his care. On entering the ward the first case is one that has been admitted since his last visit. The House Surgeon informs him that the patient has been sent up by a former pupil, and exhibits such and such symptoms. The clerk or dresser is then desired to read aloud the notes which he has prepared under the supervision of the Surgical Registrar, an officer whose duty it is to record all the cases admitted, and to make statistics and tables concerning them. In these notes are recorded the patient's age, occupation, general condition, a history of his past and present

symptoms, and a description of such features of his malady as have been discovered. Having received this information, and made further enquiries on such points of the story as may require fuller elucidation, the Visiting Surgeon makes his examination of the patient, pointing out to the students such further facts as he can ascertain. Having satisfied himself of the nature of the malady, he explains his reasons for coming to his conclusions, and issues directions to the House Surgeon as to the treatment which he wishes to be adopted. In the next bed, perhaps, is a case which has been operated upon a day or two previously. Whilst the dressers assist the House Surgeon to remove the bandages and dressings, the clerk is asked for the report of the patient's condition since the operation took place, and the Visiting Surgeon then informs the students of the nature of the case, the reasons for operating, the method of operation adopted, and any other useful facts that he may think it wise to lay before the class. Attention is then directed to the appearance of the wound, the mode of dressing, and the nature of the materials used, and instructions are given as to the details of further treatment. In the next bed, perhaps, is a case upon which much has been said at former visits, and some of the senior students are questioned as to their knowledge of this and similar cases. In this way a visit is paid to all the beds under this surgeon's care, and the round occupies from one to two hours, according to the number of the patients and the severity of their maladies. Surgeons naturally differ greatly as to their powers of and inclination for teaching; but students soon discover from whom they may expect to learn what is of value, and the numbers that follow a surgeon in his round are a good indication of his power of bedside teaching.

But this is only a portion of the day's work of a House Surgeon, and his duties commence with early morning and often end at a very late hour of the night. Soon after breakfast he has to attend at 9 A.M. in the Out-patient Surgery, where his dressers are expected to be in waiting. There he inspects the "casualties" or cases of minor accident which have been treated in the Surgery, and attend as often as necessary for further treatment. These are cared for by the dressers under his supervision, and it is fortunate if he can finish this part of his work by 10 A.M., when he is due to enter the wards. But on his way from the casualty room there are always a number of small matters to be attended to. There are the anxious friends

of patients inquiring after the state of their relations ; there is the hospital chaplain with orders to be signed for the transmission of patients to convalescent homes. Then there is the hospital porter with orders to be signed for patients' discharges, or the removal of the dead ; letters from governors requesting the admission of patients ; orders for instruments, lint, bandages, &c. Not infrequently the Coroner's officer is waiting with a summons to an inquest, or a police inspector with enquiries for details as to an assault case, and a host of other matters may occur to hinder or detain the House Surgeon from the performance of his duties in the wards. At last, however, he is free to enter them, and this he does in company with his dressers and such senior students as are anxious to watch for themselves the progress of various cases. Here every patient under his charge requires to be looked at, and more or less attention has to be given according to the urgency of the case. In the accident ward he has to see that all splints are properly adjusted, and, if need be, to superintend the reapplication by the dressers. Some of the older cases of wounds have to be dressed, whilst the more recent ones, unless there be some urgent reason, are left for the inspection of the Visiting Surgeon. He has to enquire of the nurses as to the symptoms of the more severe cases, to note all other facts on which the Visiting Surgeon may require to be informed, and to prescribe such medicine and treatment as may be thought desirable. Before leaving each ward there are again many orders to sign and many small details to attend to. Thus, even without interruption, he is fortunate if he can complete his round of the wards by 1 P.M. But if it happens that it is part of his duty to attend to the fresh accidents, though this work is sometimes allotted to a separate officer, and sometimes shared amongst the House Surgeons, the interruptions to his duty may be many and protracted. All the more serious cases of accident must be seen by him as soon as the "dresser of the day," who is in attendance in the casualty department, sends notice of their arrival, and directions must be given as to their treatment, or, if necessary, as to their removal to a bed. Other minor accidents may need his care, wounds need to be inspected, smashed fingers may require removal, and a careful supervision has to be given to all the work of dressers and other subordinates.

This is no over-drawn picture of the day's work ; and when it is completed, and dinner is over, there remains a period of

comparative rest, broken only by the summonses to attend to casualties, and the nightly round, when each ward has to be visited and the more serious cases inspected, opiates administered to those who require them, and instructions given to the night nurses. When bed-time comes, the House Surgeon may look forward to a night's rest, but is of course liable to be called up to attend to cases already in the ward or to accidents which are brought during the night. Generally, when there are two or more House Surgeons, this duty is taken by each of them for alternate weeks, and it varies much how far their slumbers are interrupted, Saturday nights, of course, being the time when there is least chance of undisturbed repose.

It must not be imagined that a position of such responsibility is thrust upon a young man who has just emerged from his student's career without some previous training. Generally some minor posts have to be held beforehand, in which an insight into the work is obtained, and, by mixing with those holding the post in advance of him, he catches the tone and spirit of his predecessors, and thus a sort of "traditional policy" is handed down.

It says a great deal for the method of training, that young men are very seldom spoilt by the position of authority which they are thus called upon to fill. Chosen from among their fellows, and suddenly vested with a power which is almost autocratic, within the walls of a large institution, it might well be expected that a young fellow's head might be turned. But such a thing is hardly ever known—a result which speaks well for the tact of those who in the first place select, and afterwards supervise the work of, these officers. And yet there are many holding high positions in the hospital world who have had little or no experience of young men other than medical students. It is only of recent years that the Universities have sent many men into the ranks of the surgical profession; and twenty years ago there were not half-a-dozen Hospital Surgeons in London with a degree from either of the older Universities, though there were numbers of graduates of Oxford and Cambridge to be found among the physicians. But it will generally be acknowledged that those who have passed through a public school and University life are much more able to guide and appreciate the feelings of young men than those who have had no such early training. My own experience during my first six months as House Surgeon was a very fortunate one, for it was my luck to

serve under two gentlemen who had all the kindness and tact which could encourage a younger man in the performance of difficult and responsible work, and this fortified me for the remaining half-year under seniors of a very different character. But year by year more University men are entering the profession, and as they come to fill these minor positions in our hospitals, the tone of the students is steadily improving; for it is naturally by those in official positions that the younger students are guided, and it may almost be said that from the character of the resident staff the tone of the whole school is taken. For beside his official duties the resident officer has a certain amount of social hospitality to exercise. It is to his room that old students resort when they come back to the hospital to see how things are going on, and it is generally expected that he shall occasionally invite the dressers to sit with him in the evening until the night rounds are completed; so that he becomes a central figure among past and present students, upon whom it is in his power to exercise a very prominent influence, and it is one of the pleasantest features of our hospital training that these influences are almost invariably exercised for good.

It is not only moral excellence that is called for in satisfactorily carrying on such work as has been described. A considerable amount of physical power is not to be despised as an auxiliary to compel a refractory and half-drunken patient to submit to all that may be necessary for his proper treatment. I remember once having to rush to the assistance of my fellow House-Surgeon whom I found engaged in a stand-up fight, and defending himself from the onslaughts of a tipsy navvy whose bleeding head he had attempted to bandage. On another occasion, as we were leaving the dinner-table, we heard a great uproar in one of the medical wards, and the House-Physician who had charge of them, on rushing upstairs found a huge labourer, who had suddenly gone out of his senses, standing in the centre of the ward, and threatened to brain any one who approached him with the poker which he was flourishing wildly around his head. Those patients who were able to rise had fled, and the screaming arose from the patients who were unable to leave their beds. Luckily my colleague, who was a very strong and powerful football-player, was able to rush in when the poor madman was looking away, and seizing him by the legs, to throw him down just as we arrived to help disarm him.

One comic side there was even to this tragic episode. A small boy, who had been admitted some weeks before, was strongly suspected of "shamming ill," and every effort of blandishment, bribery and persuasion had been made to induce him to get out of bed, which he obstinately declared to be impossible. However, when things had settled down after the excitement of this outburst, the boy was missed, and could not be found. At length he was discovered under the bed in another ward, whither he had run as fast as his legs could carry him at the very first alarm, and it was a very long time before he could be induced to quit this "harbour of refuge."

The patients who require the greatest tact and management are not those who are most seriously ill, or suffering from the graver descriptions of accident, but are those who, when cautioned that there is danger in their quitting the hospital, are either so drunkenly obstinate or hysterical as to refuse to remain. Whilst there is no legal power which authorizes him to compel such an individual to submit to his advice, the medical man has his own credit and that of the hospital to protect, and if the patient succumb to his own folly, the jury will probably add a rider to the effect that there is great blame attached to the authorities for allowing the patient to leave the hospital in such a dangerous condition. I remember an occasion when I very nearly got into trouble of this sort. It was in the summer of '71, soon after the Commune in Paris, when London was crowded with French refugees. A young and apparently healthy foreigner applied for admission on account of a carbuncle on the back of the neck. The beds were all occupied and I told the patient that he could not be admitted. He told me, in reply, that he was homeless and friendless and without money, and I advised him to apply at another hospital, the name of which I gave. Something in the hopeless manner of the man as he went down the steps roused my sympathy, and I ran after him and promised to take him in for the night. But next morning he was very ill, and in two days' time he was dead of tetanus following the carbuncle.

Firmness, decision, promptitude, and tact are qualities which are essentially developed in the administrative part of a House Surgeon's duty; but there is ample opportunity for the exercise of gentler and more kindly humanity, both in dealing with patients, and in calming the anxieties of friends and relatives. No part of one's duty in my recollection was

more painful, than that of meeting the enquirers after those who had been brought into the hospital with severe accidents, especially if the patient had met with his death. I remember that when I took office, this task of informing the friends of patients of the state of the case was performed by the hospital porter, as sterling and honest a fellow as could be, and very likely, in his way, he performed it better than I could do. But I gave him orders always to refer such enquirers to me, in the hope that I might be able to soften the tale of sorrow to the wife or child or mother, and many were the painful and bitter scenes which I had to encounter. But in another direction there is opportunity for doing some lasting service. The first case of compound fracture of the leg which came under my care was a poor fellow who had met with the accident in a drunken brawl. This was at the time when antiseptic surgery was not known, and the accident was therefore one involving great danger to life. When the patient began to improve, I asked him how it was that he had taken to drinking, and he told me that he had always been a steady man until two years before, when his wife had died and left him with two little children. After this his loneliness preyed upon him, and he took to drinking. The man interested my sympathies, and I talked to him, and persuaded him to promise to turn over a fresh leaf, a promise which I have every reason to believe that he kept, for I saw him for some years after, acting as a 'bus conductor, and to all appearance steady and respectable.

Surely no worker in the slums of London could find more subjects for sympathy and interest than are to be met with daily in our out-patient rooms. Take, for example, the following, which I freely offer to any writer of the sensational type who cares to enlarge upon the subject. An old-looking miserable creature, who stated that he was by trade a shoe-black and that his age was only forty-one, came to me with an ulcer of the leg. He was dressed in a worn and shiny black frock-coat, and trousers of the same colour, which were so ragged at the lower part as barely to cover his boots. These were evidently not made for the wearer, and were in a very dilapidated condition, but the articles I have named constituted the whole of his apparel. He had no hat, no linen, no socks, and, needless to say, his integument had no recent acquaintance with any of those commodities so much vaunted for their cleansing powers. In all he was as wretched-looking a being as could be gathered from

the streets of London, but yet there was something of the shabby genteel about him which prompted me to take him aside from the students who surrounded me, and by talking to him kindly, I gathered some short history of his career. He assured me, with every appearance of veracity, that he had been "on the booze" for five weeks or thirty-five days, that beer was the liquor which he affected, and that during that period he had averaged six pots per diem. The price of a pot was 4d., so that without gin, of which he had occasionally partaken in addition, his potations of beer only during that period had cost £3 10s. But he had not been without society during this period, as he had been one of a party of six, all of whom had indulged in a similar fashion for the same time. It was not, however, at any cost to his own or to their pockets, for the whole had been given by his sister, who was the wife of a barrister working in the Temple, and she was the mother of seven children. She had left husband and children to join her relatives in a "booze" lasting five weeks, and had herself spent more than £20 over their amusement. I gathered that the barrister had married beneath him, and whilst he struggled for briefs in the Temple, his earnings were dissipated by the wife who, as so often happens, sought from time to time the company and vices of those with whom she had been reared. I did my best to induce him to remain in the hospital, but all I could get was a promise that he would return next day, which, it is needless to say, was never fulfilled. The data quoted are from notes which the interest of the case prompted me to keep, but would that I had recorded many others that have come to my knowledge, though doubtless any who have gone through similar experience could cap them with tales equally sorrowful and thrilling!

Some of the most strange of all my own experiences were in connection with cases that came before the magistrate, or were sent for trial to Clerkenwell Sessions or the Central Criminal Court. Most of these were cases of assault, in which I had to give evidence as to the nature and extent of the injury. But, apart from the unsavoury surroundings of such duties, there was so much irksomeness, and such a deplorable waste of time connected with these duties, that one was only too glad to get them over, and, if possible, forget them. Although it is to the police court that medical officers are most frequently summoned to give evidence, I was fortunate in my own experience from the fact that, very soon after my appointment, the magistrate who

presided in those days at Rochester Row, where the majority of assault cases were taken, was brought into the hospital with a broken rib, having been knocked down by a cab. Instead of the awe-inspiring dignitary, as he appeared when seated on the Bench, I found him one of the gentlest and kindest of human beings, and infinitely more grateful for attention than the ordinary patient for whom I had frequently to give evidence before him. We became great friends, and I took occasion to tell him how very greatly my work was interfered with in consequence of having to wait till I was called at his Court. In consequence, whenever I had to appear, I had only to send my card to his clerk, and the case in which I was concerned was immediately called, and my evidence being taken as early as possible, I was free to leave, and thus could be back at my duties in less than an hour. It was very different at Clerkenwell and the Old Bailey. One was summoned under heavy penalty to appear on the opening day of the sessions, and by no possible means could one ascertain when the case was likely to be taken. Thus often days dragged on, and had to be spent in the uncongenial occupation of "kicking one's heels about" in the purlieus of the court. In order to be absent from the hospital it was necessary to obtain a competent substitute to take one's place, not always an easy matter, and, that the patients should not suffer, they had to be attended to before leaving, which involved early rising and late rest. Besides this, the surgeon who looked for information regarding his cases, was always somewhat irritated at having to go round with a substitute who could tell him but little, and on returning to regular duty one had to submit to some grumbling.

At the Old Bailey, so far as my experience went, a witness was worse off than anywhere else, and on one occasion I found, on my arrival there, that I had been fined £40 for non-attendance. I had been summoned to give evidence on the Monday, when the sessions opened, in a case of manslaughter, and I had arrived soon after the appointed time. Nothing could be learnt as to the prospect of the case coming on, and Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed without its being called. During this time I made everyone's life a burden, who had anything to do with my case, begging him to get it taken as soon as possible. It happened that on Thursday there were some very severe operations, and to these I had to attend on my return. It never rains but it pours, and so it chanced that during the night some bad

accidents were brought in, and a case of amputation of the thigh had secondary hæmorrhage, which it took great trouble to arrest. I hardly got to bed for two consecutive hours, and was called up at 6.30 to attend to some of these cases and a fresh accident. The substitute on whom I relied to take my place did not make his appearance until noon, and I could not possibly leave such serious cases without seeing him at my post. I remember well the scene of my arrival in a hansom at Ludgate Hill. Two or three policemen, who were witnesses in the same case, were watching for me at the foot of the hill with faces of the deepest concern and anxiety. It appeared that the case had been called on at 10 A.M., and had been adjourned in consequence of my absence, and the usual fine inflicted. I made my way to the Court and heard the end of a very painful trial. An old grey-haired clergyman was in the dock accused of forgery in connection with some moneys for which he was trustee, and, saddest part of all, he had declined the aid of a barrister, and was attempting to defend himself. The prosecuting counsel was Mr. Montagu Williams, whose kindly nature did not allow him to do more than he was obliged in the interest of his clients. The evidence was indisputable, and the attempt at defence a rambling statement which only made the case worse. The jury retired, and the judge was informed that the doctor in the case which had been called on first, was now present. I was ordered to step into the witness box, and received a severe lecture from the Bench, in which the Commissioner, who was well-known as a somewhat high-handed administrator of justice, informed me with great severity that never in the whole course of his experience had he been so bothered about a case before, and now, when he had called the case early, in order to suit my convenience, he was informed that I was absent, and he had therefore inflicted the full penalty. This gave me my chance, and I drew such a harrowing picture of the cases under my charge, the work that had been done during the night, and the awful consequences which might have ensued had they been left a moment sooner, that his heart relented; he remitted the fine with a caution that it must not occur again, and my case was called on next. The poor old clergyman heard the verdict, and received his sentence without much sign of discomposure. Possibly he knew that there was no chance of any other finding, and was prepared for a heavier sentence, but it was one that made it very doubtful if he could ever come out of prison.

In the course of these experiences I made a good many acquaintances among the detective police, and among others made friends with Mr. Butcher, who has since risen to a very high position in his department. He was engaged in a case of assault upon a cabman, who was brought to the hospital very late one night with a scalp wound. There was not much interest in the case itself, but two of the witnesses of the assault showed a very remarkable amount of irritation at having to appear, and, as they did not seem to have any particular occupation, I enquired the reason from the detective. They were very gentlemanly looking fellows, one about thirty-five and the other about twenty-eight, and they had been present at the fracas which took place in Chelsea at about three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Butcher told me that he had long had his eye upon these men, and their annoyance at having to appear at Clerkenwell went far to confirm his suspicions about them. One had been an officer in the army and the other in the navy, and they lived in a house near where the assault had taken place, and it struck him as curious that, whilst no one was ever seen to enter the house or to be moving about in it during the day, there were always lights in the underground rooms at a very late hour of the night, and his suspicion was that the house was used for making false coin. I asked him a year or two afterwards if he had heard any more of them, but he replied that nothing had been brought against them at present. I think it was after this trial that the victorious cabman invited all the witnesses on his side to a friendly drink at the neighbouring tavern. I do not know whether the Inspector accepted, but I politely declined.

It will thus be seen that poverty does not monopolise the privilege of forming strange acquaintances, but in compensation for this somewhat doubtful advantage the preceding sketch will show how admirably the duties that have been detailed are adapted to call forth quickness of resource and readiness of administration. In the short period during which a young fellow holds the post of House Surgeon to a large London hospital he may see more surgery than he will meet in twenty years of ordinary country practice, and the habits of quick observation that are acquired under the supervision of a good general surgeon will never be lost, and will lead to that watchful insight into disease which is the making of the successful practitioner, and lead him to know how far he is justified in undertaking the responsibility of a threatening case,

and when he should seek the assistance of one who has made surgery his special study and care.

In the daily routine which has been outlined it may be noticed that no provision is made for fresh air and exercise, and nothing has been said as to the housing and feeding of young men who are performing such arduous work of mind and body under very bad hygienic surroundings; that is to say, in the wards and out-patient rooms, where, under the most careful supervision, the air must be more or less vitiated. I am sorry to say that this is a matter too little regarded by hospital authorities. As regards exercise, it is a standard rule which should be insisted upon, that a hospital should at no moment be left without some responsible officers who are capable of assuming responsibilities in any emergency; but on the other hand the rule should be capable of so much expansion as to allow every resident in turn to have a certain amount of fresh air and recreation every day, and as a matter of fact, this is generally accomplished when the residents are all willing to help one another.

* The subject of housing and feeding are again of great importance to the health of those working under these conditions. Not only should their dwelling-rooms be light, airy, and cheerful, but their food should be ample and of the best. Possibly, coming fresh from Oxford, I may have appeared fastidious, but these matters were certainly very much neglected when I was holding the post of House Surgeon to a large hospital. The rooms were dirty and the feeding inadequate. After much solicitation the Board were prevailed upon to paper the rooms, and I provided a carpet and some furniture at my own expense. But the feeding was not by any means well looked after, from the point of view that young men in such laborious work should be at least well nourished. During my student's career of five years, one House Surgeon died from ill-health contracted in the performance of his duties, and hardly one passed through his year of office without having to be absent for one or more periods on account of sickness, and I believe that this might have been avoided if more attention had been paid to this small detail, and a little more interest shown by the governing body in the welfare of those on whose shoulders the labour of conducting the chief objects of the institution fall; and now that I have the opportunity of seeing how well the system of liberality in such details works in the hospitals to which I have

the honour to be attached, I am more than ever convinced of the pettiness of neglecting such matters. Our breakfast was on the table at eight, and if by chance we were able to get to the Board-room in which it was served at about that time, we found the Secretary, Matron, and other paid officials, who had had every opportunity of retiring early and of enjoying undisturbed repose, making a leisurely and comfortable meal. But to us who had often retired at 1 A.M. to be called up several times during the night, it was not an easy matter to get dressed before nine, when breakfast was cleared away, and many a time have I begun the day's work with no more than a cup of coffee which I made for myself. The next meal which we enjoyed in the company of the officials was the Board-room dinner served at 6.30 on week days, and 5.30 on Sundays. The beef and mutton on alternate days, with fish twice a week, and hospital beer and porter, were good enough, and though the ideas of the Secretary and Matron did not extend beyond the hospital walls, the conversation of a kindly genial Irish chaplain served to keep some freshness in our minds during the short time that the meal lasted, supposing that we were not called away to attend to some urgent case. But between breakfast and dinner the only food supplied was a lunch of bread and cheese and beer, and to young men whose breakfast was often more than hurried, that was not sufficient to sustainance for the day's work, and we were obliged to supplement it out of our own pockets. This niggardliness was rendered all the more galling from the fact that the paid officials, whose labours were by no means exhausting, were provided with a good substantial meal, served in their own rooms. The truth was that they had only to represent their wants to the Board to have their wishes granted, whilst no one took sufficient interest in the residents to make any provision for their welfare or comfort.

Such trivialities would hardly be worth mention if it were not for the opportunity of pointing out to governors of hospitals that there are others besides the patients to whom thought and care are due, and that by attention to the health and comfort of those who, under very trying circumstances, are the agents for effecting those objects for which such institutions are conducted, they may materially assist in promoting the efficiency of the executive staff, and thus aid in making every department work thoroughly and effectively. Such minor subjects are often overlooked as being out of the ken of Boards of Management, and are left to the care of an official ; but, from my own observation,

I can assert that they are well worth enquiry on the part of energetic governors.

In the sketch which has been given of the work of all who have the care of the inmates of a hospital, it may be judged how very large an amount of time, labour, and experience is given to the welfare of the patients. Nothing has been said of the nursing, because this is an entirely separate subject, though far be it from me to lose the opportunity of saying how admirably the sick are tended, and how impossible it would be for the work of any of the officers to be carried out if it were not for the intelligent, thorough, and patient manner in which nursing is now conducted at the majority of London as well as country hospitals.

With this tribute I will turn to a question which is often asked, namely, Are the recipients of all this care in any way duly grateful to those who minister to their sufferings and ailments? I have given the matter much thought, and I am sorry to say that it is not a case of "Where are the nine?" but of "Where are the nine hundred and ninety-nine?" To a very large proportion of the inmates of our hospitals the change from the squalor and privation of their homes to the cleanliness and good diet which is provided for them must, it would be thought, awaken some feelings of gratitude and thankfulness, and I believe that it does so in many cases, and that it is not expressed in words from a feeling of shyness, or some lack of expression. But there are some from among a slightly better class who bear the denial of their smaller comforts with very bad grace, and these are among the most unsatisfactory and discontented patients with whom we have to deal.

Another thing which doubtless gives rise to a want of appreciation on the part of patients of all that is done for them by the medical staff is the belief that all such services are amply paid for, and that, in attending to their needs, the surgeon and physician are simply fulfilling part of a contract. This impression is by no means confined to the lower orders, and there is not one person in a hundred of the general public who would not open his eyes with astonishment when told that all such services were rendered entirely gratuitously at all except the few endowed hospitals of London. The only remuneration which the officers of a hospital receive is from the fees paid by students for lectures or for instruction in the wards, and as this is paid out of the funds of the school, it is in no way deducted from those of the hospital. There is no profession in which such an enormous amount of

gratuitous labour is undertaken and conscientiously performed as by the honorary staff of a large hospital. Not only have they to perform their duties in the wards, but, in order to assist in the management and regulation of the institution, they are called upon to attend frequent committees and meetings, and it seems rather cruel that there should be so little gratitude on the part of the recipients. But so, I fear, it is, and there are many who think that more appreciation would be shown if patients were compelled to pay something towards the cost of their own maintenance. This, however, opens a very large question which is wide of the subject with which I have dealt, and I will not stray into such fields of political economy, but content myself with asking those who have learnt anything from these few pages to go and study for themselves the working of those institutions which do such great charity in relieving the sufferings of their fellow-men.

JOHN H. MORGAN.

(II.) A PRACTICAL VIEW OF NURSING.

So much has been written of late in connection with the question of work for women, and the calling of nursing holds so important a place in the profession open to them, that a few remarks on the subject delivered from a practical standpoint may not be out of place.

The pedestal which nurses occupy in the eyes of many people, who adorn them with a halo of sentiment, and in fact look upon them as models of self-sacrifice, is a purely imaginary one. It has been the fashion to speak and think of a nurse's life as a beautiful renunciation of the world and worldly pleasures, the devotion of a life to soothing the dying and consoling the living, to the shaking of pillows and stroking of aching heads, brightened only by the satisfaction which comes to those who, in working for others, sacrifice themselves. This is a mistake. Self-sacrifice is not a leading characteristic of the present age, and we have perhaps to some extent lost the sense of its beauty and some of the great qualities needed for it. I do not think more self-sacrifice will be found in a hospital than in the world at large. Nurses are not the pale-faced, pious, overworked women they are thought to be, but a merry set of hard-working

women who, as a rule, sleep soundly, eat heartily, and enjoy any pleasure that may be found possible with an acuteness which might well excite the envy of many jaded pleasure-seekers. They are, unfortunately, much given to gossip, and they exercise the Englishman's privilege of grumbling considerably; but, withal, they are a kindly class of women, generally intelligent, though rarely intellectual.

In considering a nurse's life, her position towards the world, towards the hospital, and towards her patients, must be clearly and practically defined. Her position towards the world is that of a woman wishing for independence, willing by her own hands to obtain and maintain it, and to have a profession, the proceeds of which will maintain her in comparative comfort, owing no man anything, and wishing for no undeserved praise or blame. Her position towards the hospital is purely commercial. She receives, during her probation, board, lodging, uniform, instruction, and a small salary in return for work done; or she pays a specified sum for instruction, according to her arrangement with the hospital. As a fully trained nurse her position alters only in detail; her services being of more value, she receives more money, and her status is improved. Her position towards her patients is practically that of an attendant *paid* by the hospital to wait upon them and to do everything in her power for their comfort and well-being. That, I think, is a plain statement of a nurse's actual position in these several relations with the sentimental side expunged. I am quite alive to the importance of sentiment in relation to a nurse's life. It is in many cases the salt of existence, in some it is merely incidental; but to all it is, and must be, a more or less important factor in the pleasure to be gained in a hospital career; but whether it be as regards her hospital, and the associations connected with it, or as regards her patients, it is a purely personal matter, just as a patient's gratitude to a physician is personal; it may enhance the pleasure that the latter has in his profession, but does not improve his legal status. Nurses, then, are literally working women, bound to give their best efforts to the institution which pays them for their work. I will not enter into a discussion as to whether they are sufficiently paid, as it opens up the wide subject of the value of woman's work; but nurses, I think, are paid as well as most other women: the average salary for trained nurses being £30 a year, with board, lodging, a limited amount of washing, and uniform. The salaries attaching to the

higher appointments of Matron and Superintendent of nurses average about £70 a year, with everything found but uniform, the maximum being, I believe, £260. Pecuniarily speaking, nurses are quite as well off as other women whose position is independent as a result of their own labours.

The social position of those who enter the profession of nursing has, during the last few years, very much improved. This is partly owing, I take it, to a growing desire for independence, and distaste for idleness, among the girls of the upper and middle classes, and partly to the much higher standard of education required in governesses. Then, again, the ever increasing difficulty of obtaining appointments in hospitals excludes those who cannot afford to wait, while the necessity of attending lectures on elementary Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry, and passing the subsequent examinations, discourage those of limited education. Thus nursing is rapidly becoming a profession for upper and middle-class women, who must earn an independence, or who are tired of idleness at home. This change in the constitution of the nursing profession has wrought many changes in hospital rules and discipline. At first, when only the devoted pioneers of this improved nursing entered the profession, a leap was made from great laxity to very great severity of discipline, and nurses were held down with an iron hand without attempt at the velvet glove. This rigidity of discipline on the part of the reformers, who were impelled as most reformers are by stern devotion to their cause, was rendered necessary by the extreme laxity of their predecessors. Of late years, however, it has given place to a more moderate amount of restriction, though traces are still to be found amongst those in authority of the ascetic spirit which caused and accompanied it, to which many of the complaints, some with reason, some without, at present existing in hospitals, perhaps owe their origin.

The more important rules and times are much the same in all hospitals, though the minor regulations may differ very much. Thus almost all nurses go on duty at 7 A.M., though in some hospitals they breakfast at 6.30, in others at 6.40 A.M., and in nearly all, prayers are read before the duty hour; in some they are read in chapel, in others at the breakfast table or elsewhere, the difference in the various institutions lying merely in detail.

I think the complaints made against hospitals may easily be reduced to five, and these vary very much in importance. That

they must rise at 6 A.M. to be on duty at 7 may, I think, be dismissed as frivolous. That most nurses must be in bed at 10.30 P.M., when all lights are put out, and may be in bed much earlier if they choose, so that they must have seven and a half hours' sleep, and may have more, is a sufficient answer to that complaint.

Nurses are not nearly so hard worked now as they were a few years ago. There are so many more of them to do the work, and hospitals have considerably increased the number of their staff, consequently the work, which was some time ago not considered too much for two is now sufficient for three. This has its advantages in many ways. Nurses are not now often overworked, and the work is done with greater attention to detail.

That some nurses complain that they have to dust and sweep and do other household work, which could be more quickly and efficiently performed by less well-educated women, is a slightly more serious matter. If it be true, as we are taught in these days, that absolute cleanliness is a most essential factor in the recovery of a patient, and that in the doctor's absence the nurse is his vicar, then, I think, that housemaids' work is an important part of a nurse's training, and that nurse only is efficient who can clean a room so deftly and well as not to disturb her patient. If, however, nurses are to be mere carpet-knights, and never to soil their hands, but merely shake the patient's pillow, give him his medicine, and look nice in a carefully-chosen uniform, then let hospitals pursue the cheapest and easiest course, and employ servants to do this work. This, I am sure, would be resented by the best nurses, who in realizing the necessity of cleanliness, do not wish to escape from the occasional hardness implied by it.

With much more reason do nurses sometimes grumble at the shortness of their time off duty, and as I believe that in most hospitals, though the hours may be different the length of time allowed for recreation and exercise is the same, I will state what the times of duty in this hospital are. Probationers during their three years' training are off duty—

- 1st week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. twice ;
from 2 P.M. till 5 P.M. once.
- 2nd week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. once ;
from 2 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. once.
- 3rd week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. twice ;
from 2 P.M. till 5 P.M. once.

4th week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. once ;
from 7 A.M till 8.45 P.M. once.
Sundays, from 10.30 A.M. till 12.45 P.M. ; or,
from 2 P.M. till 5 P.M. ; or,
from 6 P.M. till 9 P.M.,

as may be arranged.

The Sisters, who are the head nurses of the separate wards, are off duty from 6 to 9, alternate evenings ; one half-day from 2 till 10 P.M. once a fortnight ; and from 4 P.M. on Saturday till noon on the following Monday once a month. Probationary nurses are allowed fourteen days' holiday each year ; Sisters thirty-one days.

Another cause of complaint is that nurses' food is not well-cooked, and that they are not allowed sufficient time to eat it. This, of course, in any institution is a serious and self-evident fault, and one which a moderate amount of care would obviate. The nurses' food should never be left in the hands of the steward. I have never found it good or sufficient when this has been the case. Housekeeping is by practice and heredity woman's work, and it seems to me that the best arrangement is one in which there is a good housekeeper, working under the Matron, the accounts being left in the hands of the steward, or should the hospital be a small one, the Matron can combine her work with housekeeping. A faulty commissariat results in much gastric trouble and general ill-health among the nurses, and consequently needless trouble and expense to the hospital. It is generally the result of an imperfect knowledge of housekeeping, or a lack of interest in the official at the head of the department, who should have a thorough training in housekeeping and domestic management, as well as nursing, before undertaking so important a post. The bill of fare ought to be varied as much as possible, within reasonable limits ; roast and boiled beef, varied by roast and boiled mutton, soon becomes unappetising. It would certainly be wise to add soup or fish and pudding, as often as practicable. It must be borne in mind, however, that they are much more expensive than meat, owing to the fact that they are more difficult to prepare, and more attendants are needed in any kitchen where they are much used. Nurses are usually allowed half an hour for dinner, and the same for tea and supper. In St. Thomas's Hospital they used to be allowed three-quarters of an hour ; but this is, I think, exceptional. Half an hour

seems to me ample time for a dinner of two courses, and I notice here, where nurses are not allowed to rise until grace is said at the end of the half hour, that they will in many cases read for ten minutes before it.

I have kept what may possibly be considered the most serious complaint till the last, namely that nurses work fourteen hours a day. I cannot altogether defend this, but I think I can show extenuating circumstances in mitigation. Nurses are not kept hard at work all these hours. They go on duty at 7 A.M., and for the next three hours they really work hard, making beds, scrubbing lockers, sweeping, polishing, dusting, and doing the hundred-and-one things that produce that air of comfort and cleanliness so characteristic of a well-kept hospital. After 10 o'clock there is a considerable pause. The patients having been well attended to, and having had their lunch, are rarely in want of anything, and the nurses now have leisure to do a little sewing, or other ward work. The House Physician or Surgeon makes his round without creating much bustle. At noon the nurses go to dinner, and at 12.30 the patients' dinner is usually served. Then the ward is tidied up, and made ready for the visiting physician or surgeon, who always produces a pleasurable excitement as he goes from bed to bed, followed by his class of students. Tea for the patients is served at 4 P.M., and for the nurses at 4.30 P.M. Then follows a very quiet time till 6 P.M., when a sort of miniature repetition of the morning's work is done. All being finished at 8 P.M., the gas is turned down, and the nurses wait in quietness until 9 o'clock, when, on the arrival of the night nurses, they go off to supper. I do not say that nurses have never more to do than this. I know there are times when they work hard all day, and have hardly a moment to sit down; but I know also there are times when they have not even so much to do as I have stated; but as the exigencies of a ward vary very much, and as we can never hope to reduce human ailments and wants to a machine-like regularity, the evils arising from this variability must be endured. Looked at in this light, the fourteen hours' work does not seem such a hardship, and there is apparently no help for it at present, as I doubt if any of the authorities in hospitals would feel justified in incurring the enormous expense which would necessarily be entailed by the increase of the nursing staff sufficiently to allow of shorter hours.

That the public should grumble, seems to me a small matter; but that many of the complaints should originate with nurses

themselves, seems much more serious. However, I think I may venture, in the name of almost all women who take up nursing as an earnest life-work, to repudiate the complaint that deals with the cleaning necessary in a ward or sick room. There are of course, many women entering the profession of nursing whose sense of honour is not high, and whose appreciation of the dignity of labour is not great ; but who see in nursing either the means of gaining a livelihood, or a way to escape from the rather dull and petty routine of a single girl's life at home. They like the *clat* of doing a noble work, and the independence which is essential to it, but are unwilling to do more work than they can help to attain their desire. There are, however, other women who, in taking up nursing, often as a means of livelihood, do so with the highest motives, and who, in rendering themselves independent, have at the same time the great pleasure of helping others in their struggle through life. From this class come all our best Matrons, Sisters, and nurses, and to them is due the high position nursing holds as a profession for women. Their patients are sentient human creatures, whose tempers must be studied, and whose feelings must be considered ; not mere models by which they can become adepts in a comfortable profession. I do not find this desirable woman very often among nurses, nor do I find her wholly confined to the class who insist that they are "ladies." There is another class of women who join our ranks, many of them useful good women, but who do not possess the robust health capable of bearing the necessary strain. To those the work in the wards seems an unnecessary waste of strength, for if it were not for that, they might acquire an interesting and useful profession. We cannot help sympathising with them, but this work, in soon showing them their unfitness for the life they have chosen, is really their best friend. No woman not in sound physical health should attempt to take up nursing as a profession. She ruins her health, and occupies a valuable appointment, which might be filled by a stronger and more useful woman. In nursing, as in most things, the weakest must go to the wall.

The life of a nurse, when lived conscientiously, can never be easy, and it is sometimes, even now, made harder by petty tyranny and small irritating rules which tend to cramp the mind and train women into mere nursing machines—never satisfactory or sympathetic articles. But hospitals where this is the case are in a fast decreasing minority. The old habit of fencing a nurse

round with useless rules and soul-wearying restrictions, is fast dying out. The heads of institutions are realizing that nurses are in most cases reliable fellow-creatures, who will do the work that duty requires of them well, if the motive be but self-interest. And as the Matrons of hospitals are now nearly all trained nurses, and have therefore had ample opportunities of enlarging their minds, the petty tyrant is becoming rather rare.

Notwithstanding the hard work, the necessary discipline, and the want of leisure, there is no life, I think, happier than that of a nurse in a hospital to which a medical school is attached. The interest in the work is so acute, the life around so changing, the character she sees and can study so varied, the touch she obtains with the science of the day so fresh, and the independence and freedom of her life so great in comparison with the rather narrow life which every single woman must live in her home circle. I have watched with much interest the effect of this larger life on the characters of the many nurses with which I have come in contact. In a very few cases it is demoralising; but in the large majority the view of life is widened, and many a silly girl grows into a useful woman. There are a few—would there were many more!—whose mental growth you can see almost from day to day; their views enlarge and their moral natures expand like a flower under the rays of the sun into the perfect blossom of true womanhood. All the details of the sorrow and sin of life which they must know as nurses only widen their natures, and leave no stain. To be "Sister" of a ward, where the "hearts of her patients do safely trust her," and when she feels herself the trusted colleague of her surgeon or physician—that is happiness indeed. There is enough bodily labour in a nurse's work to keep her in good condition, and sufficient mental work to interest and occupy her mind; and yet not so much as to be too great a strain to a healthy woman. There are few such opportunities of development open to women, or for the real enjoyment that comes from a useful and busy life.

ISLA STEWART,

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MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLEY HALL," &c.

**PART II.—CHAPTER XXIX.****OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN.**

SPEAKING generally, it may be said that towns which have a season should be carefully avoided out of that season, save by persons whose natural hilarity is so great that they can endure the sight of closed shutters and forsaken streets, and can keep up their spirits amid scenes which have all the melancholy of a desert without its grandeur and mystery. Nobody, for instance, would be in London during the month of September if he could help it, or at Nice in July or at Cowes in January. Certain places, however, there are which do not lose all their cheerfulness and gaiety (perhaps because they have not a superabundance to lose), when the quiet time of the year comes round, and amongst these Torquay may claim to be counted. Torquay is, of course, a winter resort. Nobody denies—nor would it be worth anybody's while to deny, in the face of the statistics which doctors and other learned persons have at their fingers' ends—that during the nine cold months of the year Torquay is a little less cold than the rest of the United Kingdom; but what is not so generally admitted, because not so generally known, is that this favoured spot, besides being comparatively warm in winter, is decidedly cool in summer. It is in summer that the well-to-do residents go away for change of air; it is in summer that many of the innumerable and oddly named villas which cover its hills are to be let upon moderate terms, and it is in summer that the place acquires a beauty and charm which can hardly be said to belong to it when the sea is no longer blue and when the leaves have fallen from the trees.

It was partly in consequence of the natural advantages of the place, and principally in consequence of the annual reduction in house-rent which has been mentioned, that a certain small villa had been made ready to receive temporary tenants one fine August afternoon. The proprietors of the villa, in accordance with a common custom, had left their servants behind them, and these functionaries were awaiting, with the serene impartiality which characterises irremovable persons of all ranks, the advent of employers who might possibly be unreasonable enough to be dissatisfied with them, but who could have no power to dismiss them.

"Gentleman's a hartist I understand," the butler was saying to the housemaid. "I don't think much of hartists, without 'tis hamatyours. What I mean to say, a man as gets his livin' by paintin' pictures don't take rank with the harmy or the navy. I've told cook to say to 'em as they must dine middle o' the day on Sunday or else 'ave their dinner cold. And *then* I shouldn't wait upon 'em. On'y three in family, I think you said, Mary?"

The housemaid nodded. "And bringing no lady's maid, which sounds as if they was a shabby lot. I did hear tell as they'd been living abroad for a number of years and was bad off. Sometimes the pore ones is more liberal than the rich, though."

The butler, a man of experience, shook his head. "Not when servants' wages is included in the rent," said he despondently. "When they goes to stay with their friends 'tis different, because then they don't want to be known for what they are, you see; but the moment there's no call to show off a hartist is a mean feller, you may depend."

In this particular instance, however, the butler was mistaken. During the twelve years which had elapsed since his marriage Cecil Archdale's nature had not changed, nor had he become more careful with regard to money matters, although he had now a good deal less money to throw away. His outward appearance, too, had scarcely altered for the worse as much as that of most men does after they have taken leave of youth and entered upon that prolonged period of middle age when looks are of small importance. As he jumped out of the fly which had brought him and his belongings from the station, the expectant servants beheld a man who was still handsome, if a trifle too stout, whose hair had not yet begun to turn grey and whose face was not furrowed by care. He might very well have passed for being six or seven years younger than he actually was.

The same compliment could not have been conscientiously paid to his wife. Marcia's dark tresses had plenty of white threads in them ; her eyes had become sunken ; her complexion was a thing of the past. She had grown old ; the expression of her face, when in repose, showed that she had also grown sad ; and as she entered the house, followed by her little daughter, a child of eleven, the listlessness of her movements seemed to afford evidence that she was out of conceit with a world which had treated her neither better nor very much worse than she had deserved. She had perhaps been more unhappy in her second marriage than in her first ; yet, since she had never admitted this to herself, the point must be regarded as doubtful ; for of course nobody can really be more unhappy than he is conscious of being. Marcia, at all events, had been conscious of much anxiety and distress of mind. Her husband had proved himself just the sort of husband that she might have expected him to be ; he had been in love with her for almost a year after their wedding day ; he had retained as much affection for her as her jealousy would allow an easy-going, good-natured man, who hated scenes, to retain ; he had seldom spoken unkindly to her and had treated her, upon the whole, fairly well, although it cannot be denied that he had more than once given her reasonable excuse for being jealous. He had, however, deteriorated during their long sojourn abroad, which had only been broken by occasional flying visits to their native land and which to a man of his indolent, sensuous temperament had been inevitably harmful. It is quite possible that poverty and the bracing rigours of a northern climate might have made a great artist of Cecil Archdale ; but he had lacked these incentives to exertion and was now past the age at which fortune and renown are likely to be acquired. In the course of a dozen years he had painted some half dozen good pictures, and had been well paid for them, and had promptly spent the money. He had not been altogether forgotten, but he certainly had not increased his fame and he was spoken of as having failed to carry out the promise of his youth. The worst of it was that he knew this and did not care. What he had come to care a great deal for was material comfort, and especially for that important part of it which depends upon a good dinner.

"I do trust," he said earnestly to Marcia, who was taking stock of the small drawing-room, "that these people have left us a decent cook. I never heard of anything more risky than hiring a house and servants without having seen either. Do you

think it looks the sort of house in which people would live like civilized beings?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders. "There is no kitchen-maid," she answered, "and I should imagine that the cook's wages would be under thirty pounds a year. We can't expect to get a *cordon bleu* thrown in for the rent that we are paying, and as we can't possibly afford to give more——"

"Oh yes, I know," interrupted Archdale hastily. "For heaven's sake, don't let us talk about economy; it is bad enough to be obliged to practise it! Torquay may be a very nice place for people of slender means to spend the summer in; but I don't think I should select it if I were as rich as Lady Wetherby. I wonder what she does with herself here all day long!"

"She sits in the garden and looks at the view, I believe," answered Marcia. "At least, that is what she told me in her letter that she did. I suppose, now that her daughter is out, she has more gaiety than she cares about during the London season and is glad enough of a little rest and solitude when it is over."

"Quite so; the only difference between me and Lady Wetherby is that my daughter is not out, that she would not see much of London gaiety if she were, and that, although we appear to have a small garden, we haven't any view to speak of. Well, I suppose we shall manage to pull through somehow. The least that Lady Wetherby can do, after bringing us here, is to suggest to us some means of whiling away the time without yawning our heads off."

The responsibility which Mr. Archdale thus sought to fix upon Lady Wetherby was not quite justified by facts. Marcia and her former schoolfellow had not met for many years, though they had kept up an intermittent correspondence, and the latter had scarcely expected a chance phrase in one of her letters to be taken literally. "If you really think of coming to England in the summer," she had written, "and if, as you say, you can't make up your minds what watering-place to patronise, let me recommend Torquay. You won't find much in the way of amusement there; but, by writing to one of the local house-agents, you will easily get a comfortable villa at a low rent, and you will be within reach of an old friend who would be delighted to see you again."

Upon the strength of that encouragement Marcia had decided to delight an old friend. Since her second marriage she had made many new friends, but none who had quite filled Laura's place and, of course, none so intimately acquainted with the story

of her life. It was, therefore, with anticipations of receiving sympathy as well as condolence that she betook herself, on the following morning, to Malton Lodge, which was the name given by Lady Wetherby to her prettily situated villa on the summit of the Lincombe hill. For indeed she believed that she had every right to claim both.

Nevertheless, she could not help feeling a little chilled and a little envious when a butler and two powdered footmen opened the door for her and ushered her into a luxuriously furnished drawing-room. It may very well be doubted whether the possession of two footmen, instead of one, adds much to anybody's happiness, or whether the floury appearance of these menials' heads enhances their attractiveness very greatly in the eyes of their employers; but such signs and symbols of wealth are full of significance to less fortunate people, and while Marcia, sitting beside an open window and gazing across lawns and flower-beds and shrubs at the expanse of blue sea beyond, awaited her friend, she reflected somewhat bitterly upon the unequal hand with which the favours of fortune are distributed. It seemed to her that she had started in the race of life under conditions at least as favourable as Laura Beaumont had done: as regarded looks, at all events, the advantage had certainly been upon her side. Yet, now that she had reached middle age, she was anxious, troubled and in straitened circumstances, whereas Laura had all that the heart of woman could desire. So she sighed and repined, as the immense majority of mankind would doubtless do if they had time to be so foolish; and probably this consciousness of having been unfairly treated had something to do with the lack of cordiality which she displayed when a stout, grey-haired lady rushed into the room and embraced her.

But Lady Wetherby was cordial enough for two. "My dear Marcia," she exclaimed, "what a pleasure this is! I made up my mind years and years ago that you would live and die in some foreign land and that I should never hear the sound of your voice again. You aren't as much altered as I expected you to be; I should have known you at once if I had met you in the street. You wouldn't have known me, though—would you now?"

"Not if I had met you in the street, perhaps," answered Marcia, a little mollified; "but I should have recognized your voice at once. And now that I look at you, I can see that you are still the same good, kind-hearted old Laura as ever. Well I daresay you have had nothing to spoil your temper."

"I have been very fortunate and very happy," Lady Wetherby admitted. "Wetherby has grown up into the best of sons, and indeed he has never given me any serious anxiety. As for Evelyn, I am sometimes told that I have spoilt her, but I can't see that the spoiling has done her much harm and I don't think it will prevent her from securing an excellent husband when the time comes. I really haven't a word to tell you about myself, because everything has gone smoothly with me; but I should like to hear how the world has treated you all this time."

Marcia had a good many grievances and was not averse to dilating upon some of them. She did not say that she had been made miserable by her husband's numerous and more or less platonic friendships with other women; but she confessed that his idleness and improvidence had embittered her life. "And," sighed Marcia, "the whole burden of manipulating the budget has fallen upon me. It hasn't been an easy task, I can assure you. Some men—Cecil is one of them—can't live without small daily luxuries which cost a great deal of money, and I don't think I myself am a particularly good hand at saving. We haven't been specially extravagant; but somehow or other we have always exceeded our income, and then we have made some unfortunate speculations, and altogether we haven't prospered. I want Cecil to stay in England now, if he will; it is a great mistake to let oneself drop out of sight and out of memory."

Lady Wetherby hardly knew what to suggest by way of consolation for a state of affairs which certainly did not sound promising. "Why didn't you bring your little daughter with you?" she asked. "I want so much to see her. Is she like you?"

"No," answered Marcia, smiling. "Flossie is more like her father than me. She is very pretty and a dear little thing, and I don't know what I should have done without her. And yet—she isn't what my dear Willie used to be to me. I suppose it isn't possible that anybody could ever fill his place."

"And haven't you seen him all this time?" Lady Wetherby inquired wonderingly.

Marcia shook her head. "I haven't seen him and I haven't heard from him; most likely he has forgotten me. Every now and then I have had news of him in a roundabout way through friends; I know that he is in the army now, and that he is well and happy: that ought to satisfy me, perhaps. But it doesn't."

"Of course it doesn't!" exclaimed Lady Wetherby warmly; "how could it? I never could understand your consenting to

part with him, Marcia ; but at any rate the reason that you gave me can't hold good now that he is a grown-up man. Sir George Brett must have forgiven you long ago."

"Well, I don't know ; if he has, he has never said so. But Willie is of age, and I daresay that to some extent he can please himself, and I presume that he doesn't give a strict account of all his actions to his uncle. In fact, the truth is that his regiment is quartered at Plymouth now, and that I have written to beg him to come over here and see me. Now you understand why I persuaded Cecil against his will to take a villa at Torquay for the summer."

Lady Wetherby laughed good-humouredly.

"Well," she answered, "I did flatter myself that my being here was the sole inducement ; but I am very glad indeed that it wasn't, and I hope you will soon have the joy of seeing your son again and finding him all that you could wish him to be."

"I hope so," said Marcia in a somewhat despondent tone. "It will be a joy to see him whatever he may be ; but one thing is certain—he won't be the Willie whom I lost. Did you ever go back to a place where you had once been very happy ? If you have, you must have regretted your folly in having robbed yourself of a host of pleasant memories. I am not at all sure that I am wise in trying to bring about this meeting."

To Lady Wetherby, who was a good, motherly, unimaginative sort of woman, the selfishness implied in such a point of view was barely comprehensible. She herself loved her children because they were her children and because it was natural to do so ; it would never have occurred to her to wonder whether she had loved them better at this or at that period of their lives, or to regard them as ministering more or less to her personal gratification. She was about to express something of the bewilderment which her friend's words occasioned her when she was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, slim girl who stepped through the open window from the garden.

This was Lady Evelyn Foljambe, a young lady who, without being beautiful or even remarkably pretty, had nevertheless been more admired than many of her contemporaries who had a fair title to be considered one or the other. Her success may have been in some measure due to the redness of her lips, the whiteness of her teeth and a dimple which she had in her left cheek : the upper part of her head, too, was well shaped, her greyish-blue eyes did not lack expression, and her hair, of a bronze tinge,

grew prettily. But it is more probable that the charm which young men discovered in her had very little to do with her outward appearance. She glanced for a moment at the stranger and then, in an interrogative way, at her mother, who said :

"Evelyn, dear, you remember Mrs. Archdale, who was so kind to you when you were recovering from the scarlet fever?"

"Quite well," answered Evelyn, smiling and extending her hand. "For a long time after that I used to ask periodically what had become of Mrs. Archdale, but as nobody could tell me, I gave up asking at last in despair."

She sat down beside Marcia and was very talkative and pleasant. Perhaps a shade too completely at her ease to give satisfaction to a woman of twice her age. Whether for that reason, or for some other which it would have been difficult to specify, Marcia did not take to her, and it soon appeared that she, on her side, had not taken to Marcia; for no sooner had the latter departed, than she wrinkled up her nose in an expressive manner at her mother, without speaking.

"My dear," protested Lady Wetherby, who understood what this meant, "Marcia Archdale is one of my oldest and best friends."

"Yes, mother; but she isn't one of mine," returned this impertinent young woman; "so I can form a perfectly impartial opinion of her. I won't distress you by announcing it, though. Is she going to stay here long?"

"For the rest of the summer I should think," answered Lady Wetherby. "From what she told me, I imagine that it is an object with them to live economically; and then she wishes to be near her son, who is quartered at Plymouth with his regiment, and whom she hasn't seen since he was a little boy. I must have told you her story, poor thing!—how she had to give the boy up to his uncle, Sir George Brett, and how she was forbidden to meet him."

Lady Evelyn nodded. "And now the boy has turned into a man and a soldier, and I suppose he will come over here to renew acquaintance with his mother. That may be rather interesting. If he is at all nice he will help to relieve the monotony of this out-of-the-way place a little."

"One can't call a place that is within six hours of London out-of-the-way," remonstrated Lady Wetherby, who had never been able to imbue her daughter with any liking for Torquay as a residence.

"That depends," rejoined Lady Evelyn. "Six hours north of

London is in the way. If one lived in the Midlands or even at Wetherby, one's friends would perch with one for a night or two on their flight to or from Scotland ; but as nobody goes to the Land's End, nobody ever comes here."

"Yachting people do," Lady Wetherby observed. "Mr. Mortimer, for instance, said he would make a point of putting into Torbay in the autumn."

"Well, of course that is a great treat to look forward to ; but in the meantime it wouldn't be disagreeable to have a chance of exchanging ideas with some other fellow-mortal. So, as I said before, I trust Mrs. Archdale's son may turn out to be nicer than Mrs. Archdale."

"He was a very nice boy," remarked Lady Wetherby musingly. "Poor little fellow ! I meant to keep on eye upon him, and have him to stay with us in the holidays sometimes, and try to be kind to him ; but I lost sight of him somehow or other—as one does."

"We will make up for lost time by being kind to him now, if he seems to deserve it," Lady Evelyn declared. "Was he good-looking when he was a boy?"

But it now occurred to Lady Wetherby that enough had been said about this unimportant young gentleman ; so she answered rather shortly : "Oh, no ; quite ordinary. If anything, I should say that he promised to grow up a plain man. Besides, it is not likely that we shall see much of him if he does come here."

CHAPTER XXX.

WILLIE AS A MAN.

Lady Wetherby's recollection of Willie Brett may have been, and probably was, rather indistinct. It has already been said that he was not a particularly handsome boy ; yet if, on the day following that of her mention of him to her daughter she could have been transported to the Plymouth barracks and could have seen a certain young officer, as he reclined in a camp-chair, clad in the becoming undress uniform of the British line, she would doubtless have admitted that he was not a plain man, though she might have held to her opinion that he was ordinary. For indeed there is nothing extraordinary in broad shoulders or in a spare, well-knit, sinewy frame, or even in one

of those waxy complexions which go with black hair and eyes and of which the pallor is in no way inconsistent with perfect health. Yet these things, taken in conjunction with a kindly expression of countenance and with that general air of being a gentleman which cannot be defined in words, make up a whole quite pleasing enough to meet the requirements of any member of the male sex; nor in truth would the young officer in question have lacked sincere admirers among the young ladies of Plymouth if his tastes had inclined him towards flirtation.

But he was not at all given that way, being modest and a trifle bashful in the society of women, of whose general qualities he entertained, for some reason or other, no exalted opinion. Life for him meant, in the way of work, soldiering, and in the way of relaxation, hunting and reading. At all of these pursuits he was, if not first-rate, decidedly above mediocrity; he found them sufficient to occupy his time and keep him out of mischief, and he did not care to seek the attractions which most garrison towns have to offer.

Now, however, he was for once looking a little troubled. He had been reading a letter which lay open upon his knees and of which the contents had been such as to cause him some anxious thoughts. It was only natural that he should have learnt to regard his mother, who for twelve years had never communicated with him either by pen or by word of mouth, as virtually dead. He had not forgotten her, nor had his affection for the mother whom he had known diminished; but he had long before this taken it for granted that she must have forgotten him, and he had given up all idea of attempting to recall himself to her remembrance. His uncle and aunt had spoken of her before him every now and again. They had heard that she and her good-for-nothing artist were living far beyond their means in Venice. They had heard (although this did not happen to be true) that she treated her second husband with as much indifference as she had treated her first, and rumours which were not altogether without foundation had reached them to the effect that Mr. Archdale was a good deal less exemplary in a marital capacity than poor Eustace Brett had been. All these things they had judged it wise to mention in the young fellow's presence, so that he might see how much he had to be thankful for and from what a deplorable fate he had been saved. They did not produce precisely that effect upon him; but some effect they did produce, for they made him less anxious to renew

acquaintance with Mrs. Archdale and more disposed to think of her only as what she had been when she had borne his own name. On his coming of age Sir George had thought fit to give him a word of warning.

"You are now practically your own master, Willie," he had said. "You are no longer a boy, and as you have a man's responsibilities you may claim a man's liberty. Nevertheless, I am entitled to tell you what my wishes are upon certain points, and one of these is that you should keep yourself entirely clear of the Archdales. They have become disreputable; they have become impecunious, and it is not difficult to foresee that some day or other they will apply to you for pecuniary assistance. When that event takes place I shall expect you to inform me of it, that's all. In my view your mother has no sort of claim upon you; but that may not be your view, and I have good reason to know that you cling to your views with considerable obstinacy. I don't forbid you to meet her when she asks you to do so, as she undoubtedly will: I only request that there may be nothing clandestine about the meeting, and that you will bear in mind my wish that you should see as little of her and her husband as possible."

Willie had made the required promise without hesitation. It had never been his custom to do anything after a clandestine fashion, nor had he ever given any undertaking that he would refuse to meet his mother should she express a desire for him to do so. It was therefore no fear of arousing his uncle's displeasure that drew horizontal wrinkles upon his smooth forehead when Marcia's unexpected summons reached him. What troubled him was an emotion somewhat akin to that which his mother had expressed to Lady Wetherby and which had so puzzled that excellent woman. He wanted to preserve, if he could, certain memories of his childhood which were dear to him; he did not much want to be embraced by a stranger, the sight of whom must necessarily cause those memories to become indistinct, and he could not help feeling that the proposed interview would probably bring about disappointment for both parties to it. For, after all, there was no getting over the fact that his mother had left him to his own devices during twelve long years, and perhaps the somewhat exaggerated language of affection which Marcia had employed in her letter served rather to increase than to diminish his sense of distance from her. It was not easy to believe in the sincerity of such

language. He would have preferred a more frank recognition of the truth, an honest admission that she had chosen to devote her life to her husband rather than to her son, but that she now felt eager—as she very naturally might—to see with her own eyes what sort of a man the latter had grown up into and to hear with her own ears that he had not lost all recollection of bygone happy days. To an appeal of that nature he could have responded with all his heart; but he did not feel quite equal to meeting the demand made upon him for a renewal of the old tie upon the old terms. He had, in short, the habit of looking things in the face, and when he was asked to ignore the obvious—a request with which most women and not a few men can comply readily enough—he had no answer to make, except that it was out of his power to do so.

It was, however, within his power to obtain a few days' leave from his colonel, and evidently that was the only course open to him. As soon as he had made sure of being able to visit Torquay, he answered his mother's letter, telling her when she might expect him. His composition, which had necessitated the tearing up of several sheets of paper, did not satisfy him, for he perceived that, in spite of all his efforts, it had a cold and slightly distrustful ring; but he was too poor a hand at self-deception to be capable of deceiving others, so he had to let it go, such as it was. Perhaps, he thought, she might understand what his feelings were, and might make excuses for him which it was out of the question that he should put forward on his own account.

The letter which he despatched by the same post to Sir George Brett did not give him nearly so much trouble. In this he merely mentioned that his mother had begged him to go over to Torquay, where she was staying, and that he intended to spend a day or two with her shortly. "I don't think she will ask me for a loan," he added, smiling as he wrote down the words—for his uncle's firm conviction that what everybody chiefly desired in this world was to get hold of money had always seemed to him a little comical—"but I daresay she will ask me to go and see her again, unless Mr. Archdale objects, and I suppose you will not mind very much if I do."

Now, it was by no means unlikely that Sir George would mind a good deal; but his nephew, who was fully aware of this probability, was not in the least disturbed by it. Willie Brett had not only managed to preserve his independence, but had

successfully asserted it more than once. He could not but acknowledge that he owed a great deal to his uncle, only he did not consider, and never had considered, that he owed him implicit obedience in all things.

So it was not at all of the prejudices and animosities of Sir George that he was thinking as, a few days after this, he sat pensively in the fly which was taking him from the Torquay station to his mother's temporary abode. What made him feel nervous and anxious was uncertainty as to how much would be expected of him in the meeting which was at hand, and fear lest he should fall short of reasonable expectation. He could not yet tell whether or not he was going to see once more the same mother whom he had once loved so dearly ; but he suspected that all these years must have altered her greatly, and he knew that they had altered him, and he was painfully conscious of his inability to conceal his impressions.

Happily, however, it so fell out that he was not called upon to feign anything that he did not feel ; for no sooner had he reached his destination than the front door was flung open and a lady rushed out to meet him who gave him no time to notice her grey hairs or the lines upon her cheeks. He felt her warm kisses upon his own and the trembling pressure of her arms round his neck, and it was the old familiar voice, broken by sobs, that whispered in his ear, "Oh, my own dear boy, how glad—how *glad* I am !"

Well, after that, there was no difficulty as to demeanour nor any need for pretence. The young fellow's heart—which, indeed, was a soft one—was deeply stirred ; he forgot all his doubts and grievances, and when she had led him into the drawing-room, and had made him sit down upon a sofa beside her, he was able to say with perfect truth that she could not be more glad to look upon his face again than he was to look upon hers. And if closer inspection gave him something of a shock (for of course twelve more or less troublesome years must needs leave ineffaceable traces upon the countenance of a woman who has left the prime of life far behind her), yet her voice and her quick impulsive manner remained what they had been, and he laughed when she held him at arm's length, just as she had been wont to do of old, scrutinizing him from head to foot with fond, proud eyes.

"I'm not much to look at, am I?" said he.

"Not much?—that depends upon what you call much.

There must be two yards of you at the very least. I always knew you would be a tall man. And I'm sure I don't know whether you are good-looking or not; but I know that if I were a girl, instead of being your mother, I should fall over head and ears in love with you at once. Do they generally fall in love with you? But of course they do."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," answered Willie, laughing and blushing a little. "At least, if they do they have kept it very dark so far. I don't go much into ladies' society; there are plenty of other fellows in the regiment who go in for that sort of thing, and do it better than I should."

"Yes, I daresay; I can quite imagine them. Appalling beings with waxed moustaches and loud clothes who are mistaken for men of fashion by garrison belles. What made you join a line regiment, Willie? I should have thought you would have gone into the Guards, or at least into the cavalry."

"So Uncle George said," remarked the young man, smiling good-humouredly; "he seemed to think that the Royal Devonshire Rifles wasn't nearly good enough for the nephew of a banker, though most people would tell you that it isn't a bad regiment. At all events, I can live quite comfortably upon my income in it, and I doubt whether I could have done that in the Guards or the cavalry."

"But he makes you some allowance over and above what you have of your own, I presume," said Marcia.

"No; he offered to do so, and I am sure he would have been very glad if I had accepted his offer; but I didn't see my way to it. It is best to be your own master if you can, I think, particularly when you have insisted upon taking your own way. Uncle George was dead against my being a soldier at all; he wanted me to go into the bank. But I couldn't do that; so, after a great many rows and discussions, he gave way."

"Stupid old man!" exclaimed Marcia. "As if he hadn't grubbed up money enough to keep you and all your children and grandchildren in luxury! He is just the same as ever, I suppose?"

"I don't think he has changed very much," answered Willie. "He has grown older, of course, and he has attacks of gout pretty often. Aunt Caroline is quite an invalid now."

"That can't be called a change, for she never was anything else, by her own account. I daresay she will live to be a hundred, all the same. I needn't ask whether she is still the consummate hypocrite that she used to be."

This not being a question, Willie made no reply. His aunt was certainly rather hypocritical, but there had been no hypocrisy about her kindness to him, and he did not feel inclined to dwell upon her failings. To effect a change of subject, he presently began to relate his not very eventful experiences as an officer in the British army, and was somewhat surprised to find how little interest his mother displayed in them.

"Ah, well," she interrupted him by saying, "the past is over and done with, and it isn't always pleasant to think of it. The best way is to make the most of the present, which still belongs to us."

Nevertheless, she could not resist narrating some of her sorrows to him, and hinting at some of her disillusiones. Willie had not very much to say in reply; but he looked as sympathetic as he could, and put in a murmur of commiseration here and there, so that she was not dissatisfied with him. About Mr. Archdale it was not possible for him to speak much, for he well remembered how he had disliked the man, and he could not say anything which might sound like "I told you so." But he was able, with unaffected interest, to make inquiries as to his little half-sister, whom Marcia presently summoned by ringing the bell.

"Flossie is a dear child and very pretty," said she. "She isn't a bit like you, though."

In truth Marcia had never felt half the love for her daughter that she had felt for her first-born, and had never made a friend and companion of her, as she had made of him. After the necessary delay required for the donning of her best frock and sash, Flossie appeared—a demure little golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden, who certainly bore no outward resemblance to Willie. However, she was very soon upon the best of terms with the latter; for he belonged to that species of human beings in whom children and dogs place immediate confidence, and her presence relieved a certain embarrassment and restraint of which both he and his mother were beginning to be conscious. Willie had taken the child upon his knee, and was listening gravely to a description of her dolls and their respective characteristics, when Archdale came in.

"Well, Brett," said that gentleman, holding out his hand, with a smile which was doubtless meant to be amiable, but which was somehow a little offensive to his stepson, "so you have found us out at last. Very glad to see you again. If I re-

member rightly, we weren't exactly friends in old days ; but that is no reason why we shouldn't be friends now. The times have changed and we have changed with them, in accordance with the Latin grammar and the immutable laws which govern the world."

Willie said something civil, and thought to himself that if Mr. Archdale had changed with the times he had not changed for the better. But then, to be sure, a gentleman, like a poet, is born, not made, and the bad taste of his stepfather's speech was probably the result of a law of nature quite as immutable as any other. At all events, he had no more reason or wish to quarrel with the man than to become his friend. They would be able to tolerate one another for a few days, which was all that would be required of either of them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY EVELYN.

Liberty, as all English-speaking people are convinced, is an invaluable boon, and no doubt the possession thereof, whether politically or socially, does give room for the expansion of individual as well as national character, and is, upon the whole, favourable to the growth of virtues rather than of vices. At the same time, a little discipline is no bad thing, as a corrective and a reminder that freedom does not mean the right to be a nuisance to your neighbours. The boys of the rising generation probably get as much of it, or nearly as much, as is required at school ; but it seems open to question whether the girls of the rising generation get quite enough of it at home. Lady Evelyn Foljambe, for example, had been indulged to an extent which was perhaps scarcely prudent, and which so sensible a woman as her mother would never have dreamt of permitting in the early years of the present century. But Lady Wetherby belonged, like the rest of us, to her period, and thought, as other sensible people appear to think, that education is a process which can be successfully carried through without recourse to restraints or punishments. "You cannot," the fathers and mothers of the present day say in effect, "coerce anybody into being wise or honest or sober or pious : what you can do for your children is to set them an example of decent behaviour,

and to let them see, as far as may be possible, what is gained by self-denial and loss of self-seeking. When all is said and done, the choice must rest with them." It is pretty enough as a theory, but in practice it is very much like asking an unfledged bird to fly.

Evelyn Foljambe, who might now be considered full-fledged, since she had been presented and had passed through more than one London season, was not a very bad specimen of the modern young lady. She was very independent, rather self-willed and somewhat too self-confident; she knew more than one would wish—if one had any choice in the matter—that one's daughter should know; but perhaps she did not know a great deal more than the general run of her contemporaries, and as she had inherited a refined temperament, as well as some noble and generous qualities, the chances seemed to be that she would get into no serious mischief. Meanwhile, she had the reputation of being a flirt—which reputation, it must be confessed, she had done something to earn. For the rest, she was very fond of her mother, for whose convenience she often cheerfully sacrificed her own; otherwise she assuredly would not have spent, on an average, six months out of a year in a Torquay villa.

One sunny morning she had slung her hammock in a shady part of the garden belonging to that villa and was reclining therein, with her hands clasped behind her head. She had brought out a novel with her; but it had dropped out of her hand on to the grass, and it was not interesting enough to be worth the trouble of picking up again. Her own thoughts, to be sure, were not very interesting either; but such as they were, they were a little more so than the author's, so she gave them a free rein. As she lay there, gazing up through the sunlit foliage at the blue sky overhead, she was wondering how in the world she would manage to get through the summer without being bored to extinction, and amusing herself by imagining all sorts of exciting events which might conceivably happen, but were not in the least likely to happen. The first event of any importance that could be counted upon with certainty was the arrival in the autumn of Mr. Mortimer's yacht and its owner; and that could hardly be called an exciting incident, for as she had spent some time on board the yacht, and had danced repeatedly with its owner in London, neither of them possessed the attraction of novelty. Not that she had a word to say against the vessel or against Mr. Mortimer, for the matter of

that. She liked the latter a good deal better than she liked most of her partners ; she was perfectly aware—although she was not supposed to be aware—that her mother and all her relations wished her to marry him, and since he was rich, well-connected and well-conducted, there was nothing surprising or unreasonable in their wish. She thought it quite on the cards that she might accept him when he proposed to her, as he unquestionably would do before long ; but she had not made up her mind, nor was she in any hurry to make it up.

And indeed the thought of this suitor was not one upon which she cared to linger for more than a few moments. She had forgotten all about him and was once more enjoying the pleasures of imaginative speculation when she was recalled to actualities by the sound of her mother's voice hard by.

"You will cut off a long piece of road by going down through the garden," Lady Wetherby was saying to some unseen person or persons. "You can't mistake your way, and you will find the little gate unlocked. Good-bye."

"Oh, bother !" ejaculated Evelyn under her breath ; "what business have people to call this hour of the day ! The chances are that they will see me, and full well I know that if they do see me they will pull up and hail me without the slightest compunction. The only thing to be done is to feign slumber. Unscrupulous as they are, I should think they would draw the line at shaking a person until she wakes."

She accordingly closed her eyes and became to all appearances unconscious of everything about her. But if her eyes were shut her ears were open, and the approaching tramp of a man's foot-fall upon the gravel path caused her to prick them up. This visitor, it seemed, was of the masculine gender and singular number. Furthermore, he was in the wrong case ; because he had turned to the left instead of to the right, and the path which he had chosen would take him to Lady Evelyn's elbow, but not much farther. Under the circumstances, it was a question whether one ought not to conquer one's somnolence so far as to become aware of the strayed explorer and give him some friendly information as to his bearings—always supposing, of course, that inspection should prove him to be a fit object for benevolence. It was but a cursory inspection that Evelyn could make of him through her eyelashes when he came alongside and stopped short, as she had been sure that he would do, on perceiving the sleeping beauty in the hammock ; but that brief glimpse

must have been satisfactory, for she at once sat up and looked smilingly at the stranger.

He took off his hat and said, "I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," answered Lady Evelyn politely. "Are you trying to find your way out?"

The tall, dark-haired young man whom she addressed replied that he was. "I am not a trespasser," he thought it right to explain; "I came with a message from my mother, Mrs. Archdale, and Lady Wetherby told me that I could get out by a gate at the bottom of the garden."

"Quite right," answered the young lady; "only this path doesn't lead to it, or anywhere else, except to the heap where the gardeners throw the cabbage-stalks and things which they are too lazy to burn. I'll go with you and show you where you ought to have kept straight on, instead of turning off at right angles," she added, with a deft movement which brought her feet to the ground.

"Oh, thank you, but I won't give you so much trouble," returned the unknown youth, who was much too modest to be embarrassed or to suspect that a great compliment was being paid to him.

"It isn't any trouble," Lady Evelyn kindly assured him. And as soon as she had quite disengaged herself from her hammock and had moved a few paces from it, she said, "If Mrs. Archdale is your mother, you must be Mr. Brett. We have met before, although I suppose you have forgotten it."

Willie showed his white teeth and answered, "No, I haven't forgotten it; but it was a very long time ago. I was a small boy in those days."

"Yes; and I was a still smaller girl. You were a friend of my brother's then, I think. Have you kept up your friendship with him?"

She knew very well that he had not; but she liked the look of him and wanted to make him talk to her, which he, for his part, was not in the least unwilling to do. He explained at some length and with a simplicity which confirmed her favourable impression of him, that he had not seen much of her brother at Eton, and nothing at all since he had left.

"Wetherby went to Oxford, I believe," he said, "and I didn't. I'm in the army now."

Lady Evelyn's previous acquaintance with young men had led her to the conclusion that nine out of ten of them are

ludicrously vain, silly, and self-conscious. As far as a middle-aged man is capable of judging, she was wrong ; but it is certain that many persons of her sex, standing, and experience would pronounce her right, and it has to be remembered that they have opportunities of forming an opinion upon the subject which are denied to us. However that may be, she was greatly pleased with Willie Brett, who seemed to her, and probably was, quite unlike the average adolescent Briton. In a very few minutes she found out more about his tastes and views than his mother knew ; she graciously imparted to him some of her own and showed herself so amiably disposed towards him that he did not hesitate to say :

“ I hope you will join a little expedition of ours to Anstey's Cove this afternoon. My mother sent me to ask whether you would come, and Lady Wetherby has consented for herself, but wouldn't answer for you. Mr. Archdale has gone out there to make a sketch and we are to follow him and have tea on the beach. It doesn't sound a particularly attractive programme ; still, if you had nothing better to do——”

“ I certainly haven't anything better to do,” replied Lady Evelyn, “ and I should like very much to join the tea-party, thank you. We shall drive, I suppose ? ”

Willie answered that Lady Wetherby had kindly offered to take him and his mother in her carriage, and that he presumed that the offer would be accepted. “ Flossie—my small half-sister, you know—can go in a fly with the kettle and the provisions,” he added.

A few hours later this arrangement was carried into effect. Anstey's Cove, a more or less secluded bathing-resort with which summer visitors to Torquay are well acquainted, has always captivated the artistic eye by reason of the colouring of the rocks and cliffs which surround it as well as the sweep of coast-line which stretches away from its shores towards Portland Bill in the far distance, and although Mr. Archdale was not a landscape painter, he sometimes, when he was in the mood, painted landscapes. Being in the mood for it that day, he had transported his easel, his luncheon-basket and the rest of his paraphernalia thither after breakfast, and by the time that his wife and her friends arrived upon the scene of his labours he had achieved results which he hoped would ultimately place a comfortable sum of money in his pocket. It was as conducing towards that end that he had learnt to value the talent that he possessed, and when

Lady Wetherby, after having expressed the pleasure that it gave her to renew acquaintance with him, scrutinised his work and praised it, he answered laughingly :

"Oh, it isn't worth much. One or two men have taken up this line and have got the monopoly of the market. I am not considered to be an adept at depicting Nature, so I shan't be very well paid, whether I deserve it or not."

"But the great thing," observed Lady Wetherby, "is to deserve it."

"Oh, no," returned the artist, shaking his head gravely, "the great thing is to get the pay, and the next best thing is to be able to do without it. Unfortunately for me, I am not in either of those enviable positions."

He was in a good humour that afternoon (his good humour was no longer as continuous as it had been in former years) ; he left his work to assist Lady Wetherby's rather inefficient footman in making up a fire and boiling the kettle ; he evidently wished to be pleasant, and doubtless he would have succeeded in being so if the three people for whose benefit he was exerting himself had not been hopelessly prejudiced against him. Willie and Lady Wetherby could, if they had chosen, have given good reasons for their prejudice ; but Evelyn, who knew nothing about the man except that he was Mrs. Archdale's husband, could have specified none. However, it was not, in her opinion, necessary to specify reasons for liking or disliking anybody. This stout, elderly artist, who assumed some of the airs and graces of a youth in addressing her, struck her as a contemptible sort of personage, and she took but little trouble to conceal what she thought of him. On the other hand, she decidedly liked and felt interested in Willie ; so, as soon as the tea and cakes had been almost disposed of, she asked him whether there were any fish to be caught thereabouts.

Willie replied that he really didn't know, but that he should imagine so.

"Well, then, couldn't you get a boat and some lines from that old fisherman who has been hovering round us for the last quarter of an hour ? We might go out and try our luck while Mr. Archdale finishes his picture and our respective mothers talk about whatever it is that mothers always talk about and seem to find such an inexhaustible subject."

The proposition was referred to Lady Wetherby and Marcia, neither of whom had anything to urge against it. A shady spot

was discovered where they could sit and rest their backs upon an overhanging rock ; Archdale returned to his easel ; Flossie obtained permission to take off her shoes and stockings and wade in the pools ; and, everybody else's tastes having thus been thoughtfully provided for, Lady Evelyn and Willie were free to consult their own. One of them, as has already been mentioned, had no great experience of or fancy for such interviews as that which now seemed to be before him ; yet he was not so abnormal a young man as to dislike the idea of it, nor was he altogether unconscious of the compliment that Lady Evelyn had paid him in suggesting it.

Now, when the boat had been pushed off and the lines dropped over the side, it appeared that she did not, after all, care very much for the pastime upon which she was ostensibly engaged. "Oh, it doesn't matter," she said, in answer to her companion's remark that the weather was not very propitious for their purpose ; "sea-fishing is poor sport at the best of times. Are you fond of sport ?"

"I am fond of hunting," replied Willie.

"So am I ; but I never have any except when we are at Wetherby. We generally stay here through half the winter, and of course it isn't worth while to go out for the sake of such hunting as one can get in these parts. Torquay is a slow enough place for a woman, but what it must be for a man I tremble to think of. How will you manage to endure existence here ?"

"Oh, I think I could endure it pretty well, if I were obliged," answered Willie, smiling ; "it is a very pretty place, and I am not particularly exacting. However, I shan't have time to get tired of it, for I shall have to return to duty the day after tomorrow."

"So soon !" ejaculated the girl—and he could not but notice and be gratified by the evident disappointment with which she received this news—"I thought you were away from your regiment on leave. But you will come back again perhaps ?"

"Well, I don't quite know. I shall get long leave in the autumn, but whether I shall spend part of it here or not will have to depend upon other people. My real home is with my uncle, and I expect he will want me to be at Blaydon, where he lives, when the pheasant-shooting begins. Besides, I am not sure that my mother and Mr. Archdale will ask me to pay them a second visit."

As the result of some rumination over the above speech,

Lady Evelyn observed, "It must be horrid to have a stepfather. Don't you hate him?"

"I don't know much about him," answered Willie; "I haven't seen him since I was a boy. It would be rather unfair to hate him for being my stepfather, though, wouldn't it?"

"I daresay it would; but I should hate him for that reason, all the same. Added to which, I am quite inclined to believe that I should hate him for his own sake. And I can see by the way you look at him that you do."

Willie laughed—he had a low, boyish kind of laugh which the least experienced of human beings could recognize as that of an honest fellow. "I'm sorry if I looked murderous at him," said he. "I have no right to hate him that I know of; but I wasn't very fond of him in old days, and I suppose he isn't quite the sort of man whom I ever should choose to make a friend of."

"At all events, I wouldn't allow him to stand between me and my mother if I were you," Lady Evelyn declared.

She may have made this statement spontaneously and because it was truth, or she may—for her wits were sharp—have divined what the young man's feelings were and what was the shortest road to an intimacy with him. Either way, she had no difficulty in breaking down that barrier of reticence behind which many people accused him of entrenching himself, and in less than a quarter of an hour he had confessed to her what he had never confessed to anybody else; namely, that the loss of his mother's love and companionship had been almost a heavier sorrow to him than her death would have been.

"Of course it was all right," he hastened to add. "People are entitled to marry again if they choose, and as she had fallen out with my uncle, it wasn't her fault that she had to drop me. Still, it seemed a little hard."

Lady Evelyn was of opinion that it had been very hard indeed; she also thought that only a heartless and selfish woman could have acted as Marcia had done. But she knew better than to say what she thought. "I daresay it has been quite as hard for your mother as it has been for you," was the only comment upon which she ventured, and the young man thought it a very kind and sympathetic one.

But it was not only in order to utter or listen to kindly and sympathetic speeches that they had put out to sea; and of this they were reminded when Evelyn's line, which she had been

holding loosely between her fingers all this time, was suddenly twitched from her grasp.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "I do believe I have caught a fish!"

She had undoubtedly hooked a fish; whether she would have caught him if Willie had not promptly seized her line is another question. However, that kind of angling can scarcely be included among the fine arts, and, after some moments of anxiety, the line was restored to her in order that she might have the pride and satisfaction of hauling a huge conger-eel into the boat. Now, when you are in a small open boat in company with a conger-eel of fine proportions, nothing is of such urgent necessity as to kill him before he bites one of your fingers off. As he is not quite the easiest animal in the world for a novice to kill, Willie had his work cut out for him during the next few seconds, and consequently did not notice a look of annoyance and consternation which had come over his companion's face. Not until the deed was done, and he was offering her his congratulations, did he perceive that something was amiss.

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Did the line cut your fingers?"

"Oh, no," answered Evelyn; "only, in pulling it in, one of my bracelets slipped over my hand, and has gone down to the bottom of the sea. It is tiresome; but it can't be helped."

"I am so sorry!" said Willie. "Is it a bracelet that you care very much about?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose it. However, we can't possibly get it back again, so there's no use in crying about it. I must console myself with that repulsive-looking monster that I have secured in its place. Can we eat him?"

"I doubt whether you would like him," answered Willie, "although I believe that he is considered eatable. But perhaps I may be able to get your bracelet back for you to-morrow. Anyhow, I'll try. We know the exact spot, you see."

"Do we?" asked Lady Evelyn rather absently.

It was evident that the loss of this trinket had distressed her more than she cared to show, and it was also evident that she placed no sort of confidence in Willie's ability to recover it. Both of these circumstances may have made him all the more determined to succeed in a somewhat doubtful enterprise; but he allowed the subject to drop for the time being, and, as Lady

Wetherby was now seen to be signalling with her pocket-handkerchief from the shore, his conversational powers were not taxed much farther. He had the pleasure of driving home in a fly with his stepfather, Marcia having suddenly and at the last moment stated her intention of keeping Flossie with her.

Archdale, leaning back in the jingling conveyance and puffing at his cigar, contemplated his silent neighbour with a smile of amusement. "Really it's no fault of mine, my dear fellow," said he. "Of course you would like to be in the carriage with the ladies, and I'm sure nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you there ; but I presume that, for some reason best known to themselves, they don't want you. They don't always want us, you know ; but be consoled—they generally do. And, after a good many years' experience of them and their ways, I am beginning to think that it would be a happy and fortunate thing for us if they didn't."

Mr. Archdale was fond of enlarging upon that theme. He had always been a child of Nature, and he had now reached a time of life at which it appears to be one of Nature's laws that a man should derive satisfaction from futile moralisings. He went on talking, and said some cynical things as well as some which were perhaps true and a few which were almost witty. He amused himself and did no harm to his companion, who was not listening to him. What Willie was thinking was that that bracelet must have been given to Lady Evelyn by somebody to whom she was fondly attached. Possibly by her mother, or even by her brother. He had gathered from what she had told him that she was not engaged to be married ; so that assuredly no man who was not related to her would have had the impertinence to present her with a bracelet. In any case, he must fish it up from the depths of the sea for her, and this he was fully determined to do. In that way he might count at the least upon pleasing her, and perhaps also upon earning her gratitude.

"I suppose, if one wants to bathe before breakfast, one can always get hold of some fellow who will take one out in a boat," he said, quite irrelevantly, during one of the pauses which broke his stepfather's leisurely discourse.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

In days gone by fashionable young ladies who were wont to dance all night seldom showed themselves to an expectant world before noonday ; but the present generation, as anybody may perceive by taking a stroll into Hyde Park after breakfast, has other habits. Some people affirm that this is because their consciences will not allow them to rest ; but the theory sounds far-fetched : it is more likely that their supply of vitality is greater than that of their mothers used to be, because they have been born of a race of comparatively abstemious parents. Be that as it may, Evelyn Foljambe was an early riser, and on the day following that of the expedition to Anstey's Cove which has been described, she was out in the garden by ten o'clock in the morning.

Now, although she was a fashionable young lady, she was also impressionable (which most of them, as far as one can discover, are not) ; so it was natural enough that her maiden meditations should centre round the rather grave and reserved youth who had taken her out fishing and had as good as promised to restore her lost bracelet to her. It had been Willie's good fortune to interest her. She thought he had expressive eyes—and indeed she was not wrong there—she thought that his face, as well as his conversation, exhibited a strange mixture of cheerfulness and melancholy ; she thought, in short, that he would repay cultivation ; and there is nothing extravagant in the supposition that that was why she sauntered down as far as the garden gate and stood with her elbows resting upon it until the figure of a tall young man, clad in flannels, was discovered approaching along the road.

She was not surprised to see him ; but apparently he was surprised to see her, for he started when he recognized her, and a slight flush showed itself on his cheeks as he took off his cap, saying :

"I was on my way to your house. I found your bracelet all right, and I hope it isn't any the worse for having spent the night under water."

It did not seem to be any the worse when he produced it from his pocket. It was one of those hoops known as *bracelets de bonheur*, and only differed from the prescribed aspect of such

talismans by being formed of alternate diamonds and rubies instead of plain gold.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn gratefully. "I never expected to see it again. How in the world did you contrive to get hold of it?"

"Well, I dived until I found it. That was easily enough done, of course."

"I should have thought that nothing could be more difficult. How many times did you have to dive?"

Willie did not remember, and consequently could not say; but he seemed anxious to make it understood that he would cheerfully have gone on diving all day long rather than have failed in his purpose. "I was sure that you valued the bracelet for more than its intrinsic worth," he explained.

"Were you?" said Lady Evelyn, passing the circlet over her hand and smiling at him. "I don't know that I value it so very, very much; still one doesn't like to lose presents. The person who has given you the present might ask you what had become of it, and then, if you had to tell him that you had accidentally dropped it into the sea, he might be put out. It takes so little to put some people out."

Willie Brett, at all events, was not easily put out; yet he was a little put out now by Lady Evelyn's incidental admission that the donor of her bracelet had been a man. And surely it was a very pardonable curiosity on his part that made him desirous of discovering who that man might have been.

"I suppose," said he, with a most unsuccessful assumption of indifference, "it wasn't your brother who gave you the thing, was it?"

"I will not deceive you," replied Lady Evelyn gravely; "the thing was not given to me by my brother. He doesn't often give me things. Wetherby is a very decent sort of brother, as brothers go; but he has a bad memory for dates, so that he generally ignores my birthday. If you want to know who did give it to me, I don't at all mind telling you. It was a certain Mr. Mortimer, who will be coming here shortly in his yacht, and who will be certain to fix his eyes upon my wrist the moment that he shakes hands with me."

"Oh!" said Willie; and if this announcement made him feel as though somebody had suddenly planted a dagger in his heart, the reader will probably understand the cause of his uncomfortable sensations better than he himself did.

"Yes," continued Lady Evelyn tranquilly ; " I had a bet with him about something—I forget what—and I won it. Even Mamma, who is very particular, admits that debts of honour must be paid ; so she allowed me to accept the gift, although she said it looked rather compromising. Do you think," she inquired innocently, " that one compromises oneself by accepting gifts of that kind ? "

Willie hadn't a doubt of it. However, he only said, " Oh, I can't pretend to be a judge. Perhaps, if your friend Mr. Mortimer is an old gentleman—— "

" But unfortunately he isn't ; he is quite a young gentleman. In fact, as he was at Eton with Wetherby, he must have been at Eton with you. Possibly you may recollect him ? "

Willie nodded rather gloomily. " Quite well ; he was in my tutor's house. A very good-looking fellow. "

" I believe he is considered so," replied Lady Evelyn, who was probably enjoying this colloquy a great deal more than she ought to have done. " Does that make things worse ? If it does, you might take the bracelet and throw it into the sea again. Rather than incur your disapproval, I would nerve myself to endure that loss. "

" I beg your pardon," said the young man in a hurt voice ; " I didn't mean to be impertinent. "

" You weren't a bit impertinent," she returned, laughing, " and I am glad to have my bracelet back, although I shouldn't have broken my heart if I had lost it, and I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble that you have taken. Will that do ? "

At any rate, he could not reasonably expect her to say more. He expressed himself satisfied, and then, as she did not ask him to enter the house, he took his leave.

" We may hope to see you again in the course of the autumn, may we not ? " she inquired. To which he replied that he would certainly do his best to come, if invited.

Somehow or other, he went away feeling rather dispirited. Lady Evelyn had been very kind and pleasant to him—much more so, if he had only known it, than she was in the habit of being to casual young men—but it was quite clear, he thought, that she would forget all about him the moment that his back was turned. Indeed, there was no reason in the world for her remembering him, nor perhaps any sufficient one for his desiring her to do so. He had, however, reached the point of feeling perfectly certain that he could never forget her and of deter-

mining that he would miss no opportunity of recalling himself to her recollection. Only the thought of Mortimer discouraged and disheartened him. Mortimer was rich, handsome, and probably belonged to the social set in which Lady Wetherby mixed ; whereas he himself, although rich—or at least likely to become so—was quite unknown to the fashionable world and had no personal attractions. He was a very modest youth, and that was the estimate that he had formed of himself. For his weal or for his woe, he had fallen in love with a girl whose rank was above his own, and everything led him to believe that she would go tranquilly on her way, without so much as noticing that she had walked over the prostrate body of a young infantry officer. Holding such convictions, he would doubtless have been wiser to abandon all idea of revisiting Torquay ; but no one can be wise and in love at one and the same time. Later in the day, therefore, he asked his mother whether she would like him to spend a part of his forthcoming leave with her, and had the satisfaction of receiving an unhesitating reply in the affirmative.

"How good of you to wish it!" exclaimed Marcia gratefully (for it had not been deemed necessary to tell her anything about the loss and recovery of Lady Evelyn's bracelet). "It will be horribly dull for you, I know ; but perhaps it may console you a little to remember what pleasure you will be giving to me. Won't Sir George make difficulties, though?"

"Yes, I daresay he will," answered the young man ; "but I expect I shall be able to make it all right. As soon as I came of age, he admitted that I was my own master, and of course I shall put in a week or two at Blaydon."

It seemed, in fact, unlikely that Sir George Brett could find any decent excuse for giving trouble in the matter ; yet before this conversation came to an end an event which that gentleman professed to foresee, and of which he certainly would not have approved, had taken place.

Marcia and her son had gone out for a walk together and had wandered as far as one of the slopes overlooking the sea which is known as the New Cut and has been prettily laid out with shrubs and zigzag paths and benches in sheltered spots. They had been sitting upon one of the latter for some little time before she reverted to the subject of her domestic anxieties, which, it appeared, were chiefly, though not exclusively, of a pecuniary character. That Archdale had not proved himself altogether beyond reproach as a husband Willie had already been

given to understand ; he now gathered that his mother's fortune had been slowly but steadily encroached upon by the demands of the establishment until it was alarmingly near extinction.

"It is useless to preach economy to Cecil," Marcia declared ; "he won't understand that it is impossible to go on living upon one's capital, and he gets impatient when I try to explain to him that we spend rather more than double our income every year. He says we have no fixed income, which of course is true enough ; but if he sells a picture he always counts that as a sort of windfall and throws away the money at once upon all sorts of luxuries that we don't want. The consequence is that I can hardly pay my way from day to day. I can't imagine anything that would give me greater joy at the present moment than to hear that somebody had left me a hundred pounds."

Now, a hundred pounds is not a very large sum. At all events, a hunting man who stands over six feet in his stockings can hardly expect to find a horse that will carry him at a lower figure, and Willie, as it happened, was even now in treaty for an animal whose price was about half as much again. He thought he could do very well without that horse, and he was sure that his mother needed £150 a great deal more than he did. He therefore begged her to let him have the satisfaction of relieving her from worry in that simple and easy way.

She protested a little, but not very much or very long. After all, Willie was extremely well off for a bachelor and would some day come into a great fortune. Had their positions been reversed, she would have thought him most unkind if he had refused to let her help him, and why should she be unkind to one whom she loved so dearly ? Perhaps she was an adept at self-deception ; perhaps he was adroit in the methods of persuasion which he employed ; or, more probably, she believed what he said because he was evidently telling the truth. In any case, she ended with the comfortable conviction that she was doing him a favour by accepting his trifling gift. He absolutely declined to call it a loan, affirming that, if it came to a debtor and creditor question, he owed her far more than that.

Possibly he did owe her more ; for she had been a good and kind mother to him in his childhood, and such debts are not to be discharged by money payments. He was, at any rate, very glad that he was able to be of some service to her. He wrote out a cheque for the required amount as soon as they returned to the house and dismissed the subject from his mind forthwith.

He was, however, reminded of it in a somewhat unpleasant way about ten days later. By that time he had returned to his regiment, and as his stepfather had given him a kind and even pressing invitation to revisit Torquay in the autumn, he had written to his uncle to announce what his intentions were. Sir George Brett's answer, which arrived by return of post, was not altogether agreeable reading :

" MY DEAR WILLIE,

" You are aware that I am strongly opposed to your associating upon terms of intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Archdale ; you are also aware of the reasons which I have for opposing you upon this point. Nevertheless, you are free to please yourself, and although it is a great disappointment to your aunt to hear that you will not be with her during the whole of your leave, she recognizes, as I do, that two old people cannot fairly ask a young fellow to devote himself solely to them. The time, however, has now come for me to speak to you seriously and decisively upon a subject which I have already mentioned to you ; I mean the risk of your being eventually called upon to support your mother and her husband. Your own money you can, of course, spend in any fashion that may seem good to you ; but I wish you to understand, once for all, that if you spend it, or any part of it, in loans to Mrs. Archdale, you will inherit none of mine. I have worked hard all my life, and I have no idea of allowing the fruits of my labours to be dissipated in foreign countries by a pair of spendthrifts. I can understand that it may be difficult for you to resist your mother's appeals ; but you will have to resist them, and if you do not do so at once you will never do so at all. It is evident that I am not premature in conveying this warning to you ; for a few days ago a cheque for £150, drawn by you in favour of Mrs. Archdale, was handed in at the bank. I desire to make no further comment upon the incident ; I merely request you to take note of the fact that, should such a thing occur again, the consequence which I have indicated will inevitably follow.

" Your aunt joins me in love to you and in the hope that you will see how undesirable it is that your stay under Mr. Archdale's roof should be a protracted one.

" Your affectionate uncle,

" GEORGE BRETT."

This is the sort of thing that comes of opening a banking account with one's relations. Probably Willie Brett was not the first man who has realized and regretted the inconveniences entailed thereby.

(To be continued.)

EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

WEYBRIDGE being only four miles from Esher, we often rode over to Nutfield Cottage ; on one occasion I was sent over with a message from my mother to her father, Mr. Austin, and found him talking with, or rather to, Dr. Whewell about the iniquities of Louis Napoleon. This was a subject which always moved my grandfather deeply, and I need not remind the few who can remember him, what his eloquence could be when roused. As his faithful friend Sir W. Erle said, " It is impossible to describe the manner in which one was carried away and utterly absorbed by his talk." His fine face lit up, and his splendid large eyes dilated, as with his musical rolling voice he denounced the enemy of France. I waited for some time, listening entranced, and at last ventured on a timid, " but, Grandpapa, Mamma says," which was no use at all. After several ineffectual attempts I addressed Dr. Whewell : " Master, I can't get in a word, stop him," which made them both laugh, and I delivered my message and rode home.

In the autumn of 1858 my father and I, who were inseparable, went to Harpton, where we took long rides on little Welsh ponies over the wild hills with Sir George Lewis. No one who only knew him superficially, or as the author of the often-quoted sentence that " life would be tolerable but for its amusements," can have any idea of the vein of humour that often welled up in his conversation.

He was a dull speaker, and there is a story of Bernal Osborne, who, after Sir George had delivered a long and rather tedious speech in the House, jumped to his feet and raising both arms above his head, shouted in his loud, ringing voice, " I entreat the House not to be carried away by the fervid eloquence of the Right Honourable Gentleman," which roused all the members to hilarity. Bernal Osborne was very averse to war, though not an advocate of peace at any price, and he used to say that a successful general was the most expensive luxury of the day.

Knowing my love of horses, Kinglake took me to see Mr. Rarey; after the performance we had some talk with him, and I got his straps in order to try and break in a filly of ours. "Cruiser," the untamable stallion, was wonderful. He followed Mr. Rarey about, who, however, never took his eye off him, and shook hands like a dog; but on being given a handkerchief between his teeth, let it drop like a hot potato. Mr. Rarey insisted, when Cruiser gave a scream of rage and looked devilish, but took it and held it. The most curious thing was that the horses thrown down for the first time, as Mr. Rarey assured us, seemed to be convinced that they were unable to rise again unless he helped them. A splendid Arab horse had been sent to my mother from India, and on a filly of his, out of my father's thoroughbred chestnut mare Celia, I tried the Rarey straps, and soon broke her in perfectly. Mr. Watts bought her and rode her for some years, till I bought her back again for Prince Halim Pacha. When I married and went to Egypt I took a second filly with me, and the Prince never rested until he persuaded us to let him have her, and he then wanted her sister also. The Bedaween scoffed at the idea of the two mares having English blood, and always declared they were high-bred Saglawis.

The Arab, being rather queer to ride, was my especial mount, and he was the great amusement at Esher Station. I went every day to meet my father at half-past four, and as soon as the train came near, the horse would spin round and round like a top. I did not care for him, in spite of his great beauty and easy paces, because I could not use him for hunting. At last my parents were persuaded to exchange him for a wonderful cob belonging to Sir Francis Head. I first met Sir Frank on Epsom Common, where I tried to instruct the Arab in jumping on the old steeplechase course, and we made great friends. The only subject on which we disagreed was dancing, and many a scolding did I get for going to balls from my old "whipper-in" as he called himself. I generally had three or four dogs with me, and we sometimes started a hare or a rabbit, when Sir Frank would get quite excited.

My cob became celebrated with the Surrey Union Foxhounds, and the harriers of the Duc d'Aumale. No fence was too big, no ditch too wide for him. As docile as he was handsome, he learnt to pick up my whip or my handkerchief if I dropped them, and when I said "Hop!" he reared straight up and jumped

high into the air, a trick that delighted Kinglake and frightened other of our friends. Luckily, he would only do this if I was on his back, or he might have thrown my mother, who sometimes rode him.

In May 1859 my father and I went for a few days to Eton to stay with his old tutor, Dr. Hawtrey (who was the Provost). An elegant scholar and a man of extraordinarily wide reading, one never came to the end of his knowledge. His translation of English poetry into Greek, Latin, Italian, German, and *vice versa*, are admirable, as any one who possesses his "Trifoglio" can testify. Mr. Rogers had a copy, printed on pink paper, and in his most solemn, *pincé* manner used to say it was "all stained with the blood of little boys."

Dr. Hawtrey was one of the kindest and best of men, and his tender devotion to his sister was the most touching thing I ever saw. The Provost's house at Eton was delightful. Dark passages and unexpected corners, large rooms with small recesses out of them, and all crammed with books. There was a curious gallery of portraits of his old Eton pupils. Later in the year we went to see him at his rectory, Maple Durham, on the Thames, and the kind old man was delighted at discovering that I knew a great deal of Pope by heart. He wrote to Mrs. Austin, praising me as "an accomplished young lady," which made me very proud.

In October my mother went to Brighton with my baby sister, but returned in November in consequence of Mr. Austin's serious illness. It was a terrible time. My father had been called over to Ireland on official business connected with the Inland Revenue; my mother was ill, and wild with anxiety about her father, whom she adored. Twice a day I rode over to Weybridge to see my grandfather, whose condition was most alarming; and at length my mother, disregarding our doctor's orders, insisted on going to stay at Nutfield Cottage. She sat up several nights, and never recovered the chill caught in that cold, damp house; and her father's death on December 17th quite prostrated her.

In answer to letters written for my grandmother to old friends, I received some containing curious traits of Mr. Austin, while all spoke of his noble character and his wisdom. Sir W. Erle, who was one of my grandfather's most attached friends, after deploring his loss, said:—

"... I came upon a mention of him in the 'Memoir of Sir

John Patteson' which I think might have some interest in showing an early recognition of his worth, which was so lamentably latent during his life. The Memoir runs :—

"'One day a singular man entered the pupil-room' (at Mr. Godfrey Sykes', where Mr. Patteson was studying) 'for the first time, and presently announced to his companions that he had come there not only to qualify himself as a Special Pleader, but to study and elucidate the principles of Law. This was John Austin. Not unnaturally the others smiled at his apparent presumption, but as the late Judge used to say, "We were wrong, for he has done what he proposed," adding his meed of praise of that masterly work on the Province of Jurisprudence.'

"This is remarkable as showing his beginning with a set purpose for principle in preference to practice, and prevented him from rivalling his brother Charles in making money. . . "

Some time afterwards Mr. Nassau Senior told me that he had spent an evening with M. Guizot, who talked of the friends he had made or found when Ambassador in London in 1840. He only mentioned the dead : Hallam, Sydney Smith, John Austin, and Macaulay. As an original thinker, he seemed to put Austin above them all ; as a man of learning, Hallam ; as a companion, Sydney Smith ; as a man of information, Macaulay. M. Guizot said he had been over Westminster Abbey with Macaulay, who knew the biography of the tenant of every tomb, and could repeat the finest passages of the works of all those whose busts are in Poets' Corner. "Every one of these men," continued M. Guizot, "might be considered as a candidate for pre-eminence in the literary world—they might have been expected to show the mutual jealousy of men of letters. There was not a shadow of it. Austin's health kept him out of the great world, but the others lived in it as simply, as unpretendingly, and with as much mutual affection as if the idea of rivalry had never occurred to them."

Few are now left who knew Mr. Austin, but the memory of his extraordinary eloquence, the vigour and apt language with which he upheld his views, and the sense of power and deep thought conveyed by his whole personality, will not soon fade away. His upright figure, finely cut face, silver-white hair, and large expressive eyes, were familiar to the dwellers on the commons between Weybridge and Esher. We used to take long walks together, he talking the whole time.

Lord Macaulay and Mr. Hallam also died in 1859. The

latter had been a mere wreck for some years, and it was sad to see his fine intellect so dimmed. But Macaulay's friends were hardly prepared to lose him so soon. The wonderful thing about him was the perfect footing of equality on which he seemed to place whoever he talked to. To me, a young girl, he would say, "Don't you remember?" as if I had one-tenth the information he possessed in his little finger! Sometimes I ventured to interrupt him by saying, "No, I don't," when he would quote title of book, number of page and line, and advise me to read some work I had never heard of. I have to thank him for what memory I possess, as he inculcated on me to trust to memory, and not to write down what I wished to remember. To please him I learnt his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' by heart in very early days. He was very different from Mr. Buckle, who also had a prodigious memory, but gave me the idea that he considered himself, as he was, immeasurably superior, and that he talked a little for effect. Lord Macaulay was so kind and gentle in manner that I never felt how ignorant I was until he had said good-bye, and left me aghast at the quantity of subjects he had talked about of which I knew nothing.

Italian affairs occupied much attention in the beginning of 1860. Cavour was denounced as a villain and a schemer by some, and lauded to the skies as the greatest of living statesmen by others. We heard a great deal about it from Mr. Layard and from Kinglake, who was eloquent on the subject of the annexation of Savoy and Nice. Apropos of Kinglake, Lord Houghton told me a curious anecdote. In 1848 he went over to Paris, and by dint of great perseverance obtained admission to Lamartine's room. There the Poet-Minister sat, making decrees and tearing up those made by his colleagues, until paper was accumulated up to his waist. He hardly gave himself time to eat, and only vouchsafed a few words to the intrusive Englishman. While waiting for his audience, Lord Houghton (then Mr. Monckton Milnes) saw a book lying open face downwards on the table. Curiosity overcoming him, he turned it up. The book was 'Eothen,' and it was open at the interview with Lady Hester Stanhope during which she described Lamartine.

On February 10th I heard Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech, in which he announced the Treaty of Commerce with France which had been negotiated by Mr. Cobden. The house was crowded, and a storm of applause greeted the great Finance Minister's graceful recognition of Mr. Cobden's work. "Rare is

the privilege of any man who, having fourteen years ago rendered to his country one signal and splendid service, now again, within the same brief span of life, decorated neither by rank nor title, bearing no mark to distinguish him from the people whom he loves, has been permitted once more to perform a great and memorable service to his Sovereign and to his country."

Speaking with enthusiasm to Lord Lyndhurst some time afterwards about Mr. Gladstone's oratorical powers, he told me he was going to speak—probably for the last time—and would send me a ticket of admission to the House of Lords. On the 21st of May Lord Lyndhurst was eighty-eight, and he left the family party at his house to speak on the Paper Duties Bill, and uphold the right of the House of Lords to reject a Bill involving a remission of taxation. He spoke with the fire and acuteness of a young man, and never hesitated or repeated himself.

In December 1860 I married and went to Egypt, stopping a fortnight at Malta on the way.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die—"

came true in Valetta, for I found the name of Austin was an "open sesame" to Maltese houses, where my grandparents were still talked of and loved.

In January, 1861, I landed at Alexandria, my new home. The town I thought dirty and ugly, but the broad stretches of sand, the waving palm-trees, the statuesque, graceful people and the glorious golden-red sunsets delighted me. My husband was summoned to Cairo by Halim Pacha, brother of the Viceroy Saïd Pacha, the day after our arrival, and I shall never forget the odd and humiliating sensation of not being able to understand a word any of our servants spoke, or being able to make myself understood. Mohamed, our nice "sofragee," or footman, an extremely intelligent Berber lad of fourteen, soon found out that his "Sitt" wanted to learn Arabic, and told me the name of everything I touched, which I wrote down as though it had been German, a plan I found to answer well, as in six weeks I learnt a great deal of Arabic.

Halim Pacha sent me a very fine bay Arab horse as a wedding present, so when my husband again returned to Cairo, I went with him and drove to Choubrah to thank His Highness. Cairo fulfilled all my expectations, and I felt myself transported

bodily into the Arabian Nights. The melancholy handsome young merchant in the Khan Khalil, from whom we bought carpets, was certainly Ganem, son to Abou Ayoub, who loved the beautiful Sultana ; and my pet donkey boy, stalwart Hassan, who escorted me into the bazaars, shouting, "To the left, to the right, oh old man ! oh soldier ! oh maiden !" had stepped bodily out of the immortal Arabian Nights.

After thanking Halim Pacha I went to the hareem to visit his wife and a daughter by a former wife. The young Princess was about thirteen, very intelligent, and beyond her years in most things. The Pacha, I think unwisely, brought her up like a European. She rode well, and drove a four-in-hand, four dear little Shetland ponies her father had given her. She fretted terribly at the prospect of being shut up, and did not get on well with the ladies in the hareem. Having heard that Halim Pacha was fond of music, I asked her if she played or sang. Rather scornfully she answered, "No, my slave-girls do that ; besides, my father no longer cares for music, it gets old, like people, you know, and then is thrown aside." "Surely," said I, "you like some old people ?" The girl shrugged her shoulders and answered impatiently, "With us it is so different, you don't understand." And pointing contemptuously to the other ladies, added, "Who cares for them ? They are worse than children, because they won't learn and one cannot beat them. Why, they were frightened out of their senses by an eclipse of the moon some nights ago, and actually woke me !" The young Princess spoke French perfectly, as she had a French governess.

Mr. Nassau Senior had given me a letter to Hekekyan Bey, an Armenian, a most courteous and charming old man, whose devotion to the Pyramids and learned theories about them will be remembered by all who knew him in Cairo. His wife took me to the marriage of a young Turk, the son of an old friend of Hekekyan Bey. The bridegroom was only twelve years old, and his mother (a widow) insisted, against the advice of Hekekyan, on marrying him to her favourite slave-girl, a very beautiful woman of twenty. "She will look after him and amuse him, and when he is a man she will choose a suitable wife for him, and look after the house when I am gone," said the Khanoum ; which I thought was a nice prospect for the lovely scornful-looking creature who sat like a waxen image in the centre of the raised divan at one end of the great room into which we were ushered. We salaamed, and she bowed her head slightly, and

then became again immovable. She blazed with jewels, and her white satin trousers were embroidered with gold, while the Diubah, or dress, of pale-green satin was covered with gold embroidery and pearls. Deadly pale, her eyes seemed far larger and more brilliant, thanks to the deep border of köhl * painted underneath, and her hair fell in countless plaits, interwoven with strings of pearls, from under a jaunty little fez, which appeared to be made entirely of various precious stones. On each cheek was gummed a diamond star, and a larger one dangled over her forehead.

We went to the hareem at three in the afternoon, and till the sun set we were entertained by dancing and singing-girls with interludes of short funny stories told by two dwarfs, who made, I was told, a large income by attending marriage feasts and "dilating the hearts" of the guests. As I did not understand Turkish, I tried to talk to some of the women in my halting Arabic, and was not sorry when Madame Hekekyan Bey told me that we were to have dinner. Little did I think of what an ordeal my first Turkish dinner was going to be. Sitting cross-legged in a heap is not difficult for a short time, and on a low divan one leg can be put down for an occasional rest; but at dinner I was obliged to sit close to the little inlaid table, under pain of spilling the food into my lap, and cramp was the result. The first time of eating with one's fingers is also rather a puzzle; but the dinner was excellent, and I wonder Turkish or Greek cooks have not taken the place of French *chefs*. There was rather a jumble, according to our ideas, of soup, sweets, roast, &c., the dishes seemed to come up whenever they were ready, puddings and creams between various preparations of meat or vegetables, and the rapidity with which they were served was extraordinary. Our kind hostess pressed us to eat, until I realized what the school-boy at our village feast felt when he answered the curate timidly, "Please, sir, I think I could eat a bit more if I stood up."

After dinner there was more dancing and singing, and all this time the beautiful bride sat motionless. She had not joined us at dinner, but was to dine alone later. The bridegroom came in to see us, a nice-looking boy, but very shy, and I should say rather afraid of his wife, at whom he hardly looked. At ten we took leave, and I never saw the family again.

Several tragic hareem stories were told me of intrigues which

* Antimony.

are rendered possible by the law that no Turk can enter the women's apartments if there are lady visitors. One I have never forgotten, as I had heard and admired the impassioned and beautiful singing of the unwilling and unhappy hero of the tale, "Suleiman the nightingale."

On the road to old Cairo lived a Bey, who had been honoured by receiving a slave-girl from the harem of the Viceroy as his wife. These ladies generally give themselves great airs, and make their husbands' lives a burden to them by threatening to complain to the Validé Khanoum (the mother of the Viceroy), whenever they are out of temper or their whims and caprices are not gratified. At a *fantasia* or *fête* the Bey's wife heard the celebrated Suleiman (who often received fifty napoleons for singing at a marriage or a *fantasia*), and fell in love with him. From that night she became melancholy, refused to eat, and ill-treated her slave-girls more than ever. An old Dongola woman, who was a favourite, at length ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow, and proposed to help her mistress in return for a good *backsheesh*. She suggested that "out of charity" one of the slave-girls of the harem who had a fine voice should be given to Suleiman in marriage. The singer accepted with alacrity, as he expected to get a handsome marriage portion with his wife from the house of so great a Bey, and Zeeneb the slave-girl was envied by her less fortunate companions at making so good a marriage. During the marriage festivities the old Dongola woman explained to Suleiman why her mistress had given Zeeneb to him, and intimated that he was often to come to the harem on various pretexts. For a time all went well, until Suleiman discovered that he liked his wife better than the fine lady, when his visits to the harem became few and far between, and his *backsheesh* to the eunuchs and slaves less lavish. The Bey one day overheard complaints about insufficient *backsheesh* with which the name of Suleiman was connected, and asked the chief eunuch what it all meant. The Aga hesitated, but the courbash loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old Dongola slave-woman as the authoress and chief abettor of the intrigue.

Ordering the slave-woman to be brought before him, the Bey gave her the choice of bringing Suleiman to the harem within an hour's time or losing her head. Rushing off to the singer's house she implored him to come to her mistress, who was sick with longing to see her heart's beloved. Zeeneb, alarmed at the old woman's manner, entreated her husband not to go, while the

former threatened him with losing the patronage of the Viceregal hareem, where her mistress had great influence. Suleiman at last consented to accompany the old Dongola slave, but swore to his wife, by the head of his father, that this should be his last visit to the Khanoum. So it proved, for as he entered the door the Bey cut him down with his own hands. Zeeneb became uneasy as her husband did not return, and sent his mother to enquire after him. The Bey showed her the dead body of her son, and bade her begone, upon which she so bitterly reproached and upbraided him that he lost all self-control, and, drawing his sword, killed her also. Small black crosses, such as are worn by the Copts, were hung round their necks to avert suspicion, and the two bodies were thrown into the Nile at sundown. Next morning the corpses were found entangled in the anchor-chains of a dahabieh, and taken to a priest, who buried them in a Coptic cemetery, under the impression that they were Christians.

The sudden disappearance of Suleiman caused some surprise, but was soon forgotten, and would never have been heard of had not Zeeneb been summoned with other gawazis (singing girls) to sing at the marriage *fantasia* of a slave-girl in the hareem of the Viceroy's mother. When her turn came she burst into tears, and falling at the feet of the Validé Khanoum declared she could not sing, and implored her help. The Princess stopped the fête and asked what ailed her. Zeeneb then told of the insane passion of her former mistress for Suleiman, and of how she had been married to him as a cloak to hide his frequent visits to the hareem of the Bey, of his weariness of the Khanoum, and his being induced by the old Dongola slave to go there one fatal day, since which she had never seen him, or his mother, who went to look for him.

The Princess promised that justice should be done, and kept her word. The Bey was summoned before the council, interrogated, and sentenced to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne), whence few ever return; and his wife disappeared as mysteriously as "Suleiman the nightingale." Whether she was killed by her husband before he started for Fazoglou, or by the orders of the Viceroy, or whether she was sent to the galleys, is a mystery; but it is not likely that the Bey would have dared to touch a woman who had come out of the Viceregal hareem.

Another event made some sensation in Cairo; because one of the actors, a young and good-looking Turk, was well known among the Europeans. Shaheen Bey's house was near that of

a Pasha, who, contrary to the general rule, had not married again after the death of his young wife Fatmé, who was known as "Werd el Masr," or the "Rose of Cairo," for her exceeding beauty. She left two little girls, Fatmé and Elmass (diamond), who were in the charge of an old nurse, and did pretty much what they liked. Shaheen Bey had often seen Fatmé as a child, in the doorway with the eunuchs, and been struck by her loveliness, and some years later he caught sight of her at the open musharibiéh, and immediately sent his uncle to her father to ask her in marriage. The Pasha replied that he thanked Shaheen Bey, and admitted that he had no objection to make to the Bey's fortune or position, but that he lived much with those dogs of infidels, and therefore was no true Mussulman, so he declined the proposal.

Fatmé must have heard something about Shaheen Bey, for she contrived several times to let him have a glimpse of her as he rode past, and the result was that he became "mad with love," as the Arabs say. He bribed the old nurse, and was introduced into the hareem disguised as a woman. Of the mature age of fifteen, Fatmé was proud and delighted at the impression she had made, and soon her love for the adventurous young Bey was as violent as his own. But Elmass, a year younger than her sister, grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, so the old nurse suggested that Shaheen should bring his young brother to amuse Elmass, who would then tell no tales. The two brothers were frequent visitors to the hareem, and all went smoothly, until Shaheen Bey, becoming foolhardy, one day committed the signal folly of going undisguised into the hareem. On leaving, he met the Pasha face to face, who seized him, and after a tremendous struggle was thrown down and Shaheen escaped. The eunuchs confessed that they had entertained suspicions of the sex of the two young visitors, and by dint of a vigorous application of the courbash, the Pasha elicited the whole story from the old nurse. In a towering passion he went to the Viceroy's secretary, who being a wise man, and more civilized than Turks in general, advised the Pasha to make the best of a bad bargain, and to marry the two young couples. But the infuriated father would not listen to reason, and insisted on the affair being laid before the Viceroy, who ordered the brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, a poor lad of sixteen, died soon after passing Luxor, and Shaheen continued to drag out a miserable existence for a few

months, and then the report came that he had destroyed himself. Fatmé and Elmass, with their nurse, were condemned to death. Horrified at the result of his complaints, the Pasha threw himself at the feet of Effendina, and at length obtained a commutation of the sentence on his daughters to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

These and other stories made me feel very sad when I rode or drove past the high blank walls of the hareems where so many women are shut up without interests, education, or occupation. They caused me to pity H. H. Halim Pacha's young daughter more deeply, who, having once tasted the delights of liberty, was to be immured in her prison, gilded, it is true, but more irksome to her than to one who had been brought up "*alla Turca*" ever since her infancy.

Many excursions did I make into the bazaars of Cairo and to the tombs of the Memlook Sultans, all, alas! in ruins, but *how* beautiful! Looking up at the springing arches seemingly decked with priceless lace as an ornament, and the graceful cupolas, I recalled Noor-ed-Deen, and wondered if a Jinnee would come and place herself at my orders if I slept for a night in one of those magnificent buildings. In the town I could never pass the ancient mosque of Tooloon without a feeling of rage at seeing such an edifice neglected and falling to pieces, while the Viceroy squandered vast sums on hideous barracks (miscalled palaces) and European furniture. The stonework in the Tooloon is like old *guipure*, and the whole is so beautiful, so simple, and so grand, that it made one wretched to see such barbarous neglect. The roof had fallen in, and the great court was the abode of paupers.

The Hassanecyeh struck me far more than any cathedral I ever saw, and the gates of the tomb of Sultan Hassan are covered with the finest enamel plaques, as I discovered by rubbing one clean with my glove. Hassan, the donkey boy (a stalwart young fellow six feet high), quite entered into my enthusiasm about Arab architecture, and still more into my imprecations against the Turks. He told me some very funny Arab stories, after saying with a broad grin, "Oh Sitt, if thou wert like most English who laugh at our ways, I should hold my tongue."

"Allah sitting in heaven kicked off one of his shoes, which fell into hell. So he said to our father Adam, 'Oh, Adam, fetch my shoe;' but Adam answered, 'Oh, Lord, I am thy slave; but I

am made in thy likeness, and it is not therefore fitting for me to go among the deeves.' The Lord then turned to Halil Ibrahim, saying, 'Oh, Halil Ibrahim, go, fetch my shoe.' Halil replied, "Remember, oh Lord, that I am thy beloved one, and surely thou hast slaves, who will do thy bidding.' So the Lord Allah said to Moses, 'Go, fetch my shoe;' and Moses answered, 'Oh, Lord, am I not thy lawgiver, and do the evil ones not hate me?' Then Allah saw Jesus, and repeated his request; but he answered, 'Allah, am I not thy spirit?' At length the Lord espied Mohammed,—on whose name be peace,—and calling him, said, 'Oh, Mohammed, surely thou wilt fetch my shoe.' And our Lord Mohammed bowed his head as he answered, 'Oh, my Lord, I hear and obey, for am I not thy Prophet?' and he went. Christians," added Hassan, laughing, "I mean *proper* Christians, not such as you, would say that he never came back, would not they?"

Another tale was of two *fellahs* (peasants). One said, "If Allah were to die, who would bury him?" The other answered, "Oh, thou of small understanding, how canst thou talk so foolishly and like a child; of course the angels will bury him." To which the first replied, "Oh, thou of little faith and no knowledge, will not our Prophet, who is sharper than any monkey, bury him?"

"What I am going to tell thee now, oh Sitt," continued Hassan, "happened to Ibrahim, whom I know, and he had to leave the village in consequence of his joke, which was no loss, as it was a nest of robbers and liars. Ibrahim one day rebuked them, saying, 'Oh, ye vile ones, how can ye behave with so little respect, and take what belongeth to better than ye? Verily ye will come to a bad end.' And they replied, 'Let every sheep hang by its own tail.' Now Ibrahim had a sheep who died of the rot, so he took it and hung it up by the tail just outside the door of the mosque. Soon the people came to him, saying, 'Oh, Ibrahim, verily thy sheep is a nuisance, the mosque is untenable, and we request thee to remove the carcass.' And Ibrahim answered, 'Let every sheep hang by its own tail,' and so they fell upon him and beat him." While laughing at Hassan's story, my donkey nearly knocked down an old Arab, so I stopped and hoped he was not hurt, and we were most polite to each other, and parted with many salaams. This set Hassan off again, who remarked, "It is fortunate, oh Sitt, that he was a well-bred man, and not like those who took the Copt before

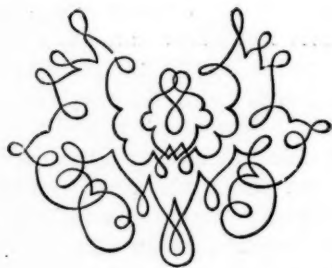
the Cadi ; but then, to be sure, the Copt did not stop and make excuses."

Of course I requested to hear about the Copt, and Hassan began :

"A Copt, riding a fast donkey through a crowded street, knocked down some Mohammedan children, and urged his donkey on still faster. But he was followed, caught, and taken before the Cadi. 'Why, oh Christian, dost thou knock down true believers?' The Copt shook his head and did not speak. 'Hast thou no tongue, oh man?' The Copt still remained silent, and the Cadi turned angrily to his accusers and said, 'Why do ye bring me a dumb man, oh ye oxen of no understanding?' 'Oh, Cadi! oh, our Lord! he is not dumb, for he was shouting *riglick, shemalick, amenick* (to the right, to the left, take care) in the street.' 'Why then did ye not take the children out of the path if he said *riglick, shemalick, amenick*, oh ye foolish ones?'"

JANET ROSS.

(To be continued.)



PIERRE LOTI.

"Is this man Loti? Why, the thing is impossible! Such a plain, insignificant-looking person, father to Rarahu, to Gaud, to Aziyadé?" and "tout Paris" passes in frustrated disappointment at not seeing the light of genius, the dreams of the poet, and the speculations of the psychologist at once in Commandant Viaud's excellent portrait at the Palais de l'Industrie.

"But, Madame, a portrait only gives one aspect of a physiognomy. How can you expect it to give you at once the source whence Rarahu's *morbidesza*, Gaud's virtue, Aziyadé's passion? It is only as centuries go by that an Erasmus's picture acquires all the wit contained in 'L'Éloge de la Folie.' Death alone and the imagination of the public make man 'one' with his work. But *à quoi bon? Il y a des banalités immortelles.* Besides, Loti is a poet and a word-painter himself; as great a colourist, pen in hand, as Decamps or Corot. That is to say, feeling equally the cloudy, misty aspects of nature, as those of light. Brittany and the Equator, Paimpol and Papeete, Chateaubriand and Théophile Gauthier,—*that* is Loti. Not the Chateaubriand of the 'Prose Epics,' but the 'Chateaubriand-voyageur,' the Chateaubriand of Atala, and of the Père Aubry, of whom Loti reminds one, in interrupting, as he does, Rarahu's very embraces by reflections of the following kind:—'L' éternelle et sublime prière du Christ, Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux, sonnait d'une manière étrangement mystérieuse et mystique au-delà du vieux monde, aux Antipodes, dite par la voix de ce vieillard fantôme' (*Mariage de Loti*). Chateaubriand and Loti are alike by some sides of their 'minds.' The analogy between Gauthier and Loti, however, lies in the æsthetical temperament of both: in their common worship of the sun. The one, Gauthier, a pagan, bursts into full bloom at the first touch of the 'East.' The other, Loti, offers his divinity a more mystical internal cult. Gauthier dwells in Olympus amidst

gold and glitter, side by side with the impassible Juno ; Loti, on the contrary, of a more unquiet nature, demands of himself, whence comes in the creature man his thirst for belief ? ”

“ *Quelles sont ces essences inconnues qui planent dans les endroits où l'on a prié long-temps ? Quelle est cette oppression du surnaturel ?* ” Both Loti and Gauthier turn to the sun in their own way ; but their way differs as they themselves differ ; Gauthier being above all an Athenian, Loti a “ Celt.” Gauthier finds pleasure in love ; Loti, like Chateaubriand and like all the modern school, sees in the “ fact love ” only a creative force, whence work is conceived in torture and in woe ! Loti is not alone in his work, the man of his time, but is so to the full as much in his very being. Logical, implacable, passionate and taciturn, “ will ” is to him the supreme law : he counts with sentiment as with an evil. Without a certain amount of emotion really experienced, he knows the brain cannot produce the “ Gauds,” the “ Raragus,” &c. : such creations being conducive to fame, the emotions have to be borne. Love to such men is only a “ means.”

Self-consciousness has a considerable part also in Loti's writings ; his reminiscences carry him back to scenes where the puerilities of child-life are entirely lost in the poetry of the pictures. “ The days lengthened, the flowers grew, the heat and light became intense—something unexpected to me, I felt, was going to take place. It was summer, I was then three years old ; all my day had been employed in mud-pie making. I had turned these pies into an alley planted with rows of cut flowers. Notwithstanding my wish to walk in this garden I perceived it was too small even for myself. To admire my doings from above, I rose on my wheel-barrow, overturned it and fell. My nurse took me up, sang to me, coaxed me. Since, I have understood that had I been coaxed and sang to, in life, on all occasions when I failed for having undertaken the ‘ impossible,’ I would have suffered far less ! During these lovely summer days, in order to express my exultation, I composed hymns to nature, which I sang to myself.” To his “ home,” also, Loti has remained faithful, through travels and years. In “ *Fleurs d'ennui*,” one of his last books, Loti writes, “ This bench on which I am now, there is my true home ; here comes my mother across the courtyard. Oh the love of a mother, the only disinterested one, the only love which breeds no deception, the only love which teaches one to believe in the soul and in life eternal ! What madness

prompts me to rush constantly from this home to far away lands!"

Sadness, that latent sadness of things, mentioned by Virgile, expressed by Othello's cry of despair, "O Iago, the pity of it!" that philosophical sorrow born in the thinker from the decay and short-livedness of all which is human, such a sadness enhanced in his sailor-mind by seeing man all over the world subjected to the same misery, is the "dominante" note of our prose-poet. A veil of melancholy drapes all Loti's works: it overshadows Rarahu's hut; filters in Aziyadé's boudoir—dwells at Ploubazlanec by old Mother "Moan," and it clings to "Un Vieux." As the space fails us here in face of Loti's entire work, we will restrict ourselves to those which present the most opposed characters, illustrating thus, what we said above of Loti's equal understanding of all aspects of nature—whether Asiatic or Polar. Born in 1850 at La Rochelle, when the "Mariage de Loti" appeared, Pierre Viaud or Loti had just reached the grade of "Lieutenant de Vaisseau," and navigated all around the world for upwards of twelve years already. "Propos d'Exil," which came out in 1885, is the condensation of all his Asiatic impressions. A more desolate book than all others, as it is written from Tonking, where Loti says, "La France est si loin dans ce pays jaune, qu'on n'espère plus la revoir," and contains the pathetic narrative of Admiral Courbet's death.

The "Mariage de Loti" was Commandant Viaud's first book, and at once noticed. If "Rarahu," the heroine of this romance, differs in herself and in her surroundings greatly from her elder sisters "Atala" and "Ourika,"* it is principally that Loti, her creator, is a physiologist as well as a dreamer. The days of neo-Sauvagerie, as the days of neo-Greek dress, are as far from us as Madame Récamier's "Turban" and Ourika's Christian submission. Though of a less medical turn of mind than Zola and Maupassant, Loti submits to the influence of his time; he creates "bodies" as well as "souls"—bodies endowed, as in real life, with stronger influence on the moral being than the moral being ever had on the "mere" body; hypnotism, in proving that

* "Ourika" is a novel written by the Duchesse de Duras, which created great sensation in the days of Napoleon I. It is the story of a nigger girl who, brought in contact with the highest Paris world, loves with the violence of her race, and submits to the sacrifice of her love with the passivity of a Catholic nun. No book can betray a greater ignorance of physiology than "Ourika;" but in those days physiology was unknown, at least unapplied to romance-writing.

the first condition required in the "subject" to the producing of any "phenomena" is to be hyper-nervously organized, has shown the supremacy of the body, humanly speaking. However null might be the "will" in the "subject," if the physical organism does not sufficiently vibrate to receive the discharge of animal magnetism as its propulsor, there is no phenomena produced.

To the modern school of science the soul is but an outcome of cerebral forces. A "result" hence among the chiefs of literature—the passionate study of physiology. When Shakspeare mentioned Hamlet's fatness and short breath, he did no less in favour of physiology than the modern French masters. Villemain said, "Pour comprendre tout plus clairement il faut d'abord comprendre l'homme. Tout écrivain et tout penseur devrait d'abord avoir fait son doctorat en médecine." Maupassant, Zola, Loti himself, though much modified by the "poet" which is in him, are more or less "physicians." Their "subject" is a living one, that is the difference! Instead of pressing with the finger on dead arteries in their demonstration of circulation, these thinkers watch the play of "forces" in the living "subject" man. As they see impulse or instinct overthrow reason, they look on. Their process of study is not mischievous, it is merciful—it is merciful as the diagnosis of the scientific man, who foresees in the abscess of to-day the cancer of ten years hence; though he cannot cure it, by careful advice he prolongs life. Should a novelist, therefore, write only truth, but real human truth, he would in so far be doing a good deed. No man would ever have trusted and followed an *Æschylus* or a Shakspeare if, before rising to sublimity, man had not felt that his guide knew him as a "man"—knew him thoroughly and understood him. If genius did not "caress" humanity first by talking to it the language of its weaknesses, humanity would never listen to the teachings of genius. Truth, whether noble or ignoble, whether realistic or idealistic, is good when spoken, for truth alone breeds useful thought in the minds of those whose thoughts are entitled to command attention.

An imitation sauvage like "Ourika" puzzles the reader—a true little wild being like "Rarahu" attaches. She has lovable instincts as well as savage ones; she is a genuinely interesting object of study for the critic, because she is herself a genuine piece of humanity.

"Rarahu," the principal actress of the "Mariage de Loti,"

dwells in the rivulet of Tataoué—the "Burlington Arcade" of Papeete. She is to be seen there like a bronze Correggio nymph, either clothed by the limpid waters, or lounging on the deep green grass on the shore. Harry Grant, an English marine officer, whose name has been turned to "Loti" for the sake of Tahitian pronunciation, meets "Rarahu," loves and marries her—not by that everlasting bond known to so-called civilized countries, but according to Papeete customs, which, in fact, so little differ from any others, that marriage with them lasts just as long—or as short—as the *man* wishes!

One evening at a Court ball Rarahu has been dazzled and maddened by the dresses of Tahiti Europeanised ladies; the next day she appears to Loti arrayed in a splendid "Pareo," but a "Pareo" bespeaking its Chinese origin. Now anything Chinese means shame—and Loti, having got really to care for "Rarahu," feels sad.

He has gone too far, however, in his conclusions, and the way in which "Rarahu" greets a "Celestial," obese, and yellow old gentleman who desecrates "her" rivulet by bathing in it, convinces Loti of his mistake. Rarahu is "confused," she is not "culpable." "She sat on my knees and wept her eyes out, for in that little wild heart of hers good and bad was strangely mixed, though her innate sharpness led her to understand the gap between us, created by the different views we took of all things in general!"

According to Tahitian ways, Rarahu had been adopted by two old people* who had died, the mother first, the father last. Once protectionless, she goes to live altogether with Loti. The first knell of separation tolls, however, for the lovers—when Loti's frigate is ordered away to the "Sandwich Islands;" it is a short distance, but nevertheless it is a first parting.

Rarahu, inspired by love, applies her knowledge of writing; she corresponds, "My sorrow is higher than the Parai. Oh, my lover, thou hast gone, and thy eyes may now be lifted to me—mine can no more meet their gaze, but, alas! every day I feel more, that women like myself are but toys to men of your race."

At his return Loti finds Rarahu has learned English. "Her voice seemed sweeter than ever in this language, although she could not pronounce its hard syllables." Loti's knowledge of

* Tahitian parents place at once their children in the hands of willing persons, who take charge of them as though they were their own—rather a terrible argument against the said laws of nature!

Rarahu's weak nature makes him fear that no sooner shall he be gone than she will become light and dissipated. "To all my entreaties that she might keep faithful to the higher mode of life I had initiated her in, she only sneered, or opposed the most determined silence."

Faithful to Loti she was, though, but in that measure which was "Polynesian fidelity." She had no European lovers, that was all! and that was a great deal, as natives were not counted! To her lover's prayer, "that she should go on believing in God as before," she answered, "I believe in nothing more, not even in ghosts, for there is nothing after death, and ghosts themselves only last as long as the body endures." This harshness gives way before grief, however. On the day of the final parting she says, "I am thine, Loti, thy little wife for ever. Fear nothing, to-morrow I leave Papeete and take refuge with Tiahoui" (a dutiful married Tahitian).

The frigate goes back to Europe. Years elapse, and one day Loti landed in Papeete again; hastens to enquire after Rarahu—she has died. For one whole year after he had left she was a model. But days rubbed away the sorrow, and augmented the wish for pleasure. She gave way, the result was—early death.

Instinct had been at the bottom of "Rarahu's" better qualities. Instinct as well was her ruin! It is the tale of "Rarahu" which Loti tells us. He is far too much of a disciple of *Merimée* to profit by the occasion for plunging on the "misdeeds of the civilized man!" Loti's moral lessons, luckily for his reader, run through the lives of his heroes. He is too much also a man of the world, pen in hand, to see in Rarahu anything but a lovely "Bibelot." "Cela plait—on s'en lasse—et c'est fini." A "Bibelot's" life begins and ends with the caprice of the purchaser.

A most direct counterpart to the "*Mariage de Loti*" is "*Les Pêcheurs d'Islande*," a book as eloquent on the poetry of duty as the other was eloquent on the divers sensuousnesses of tropical natures.

Not only is "*Pêcheurs d'Islande*" opposed to the "*Mariage de Loti*" by the countries where it takes place, Brittany and Iceland, but also because the nobility of the passions within the heroes' hearts offer a more favourable ground to our author's psychical temperament—vouchsafes him more scope for those curiosities which momentarily raise the novelist to the rank of a Montaigne, or a Bacon. Where are the germs of thought?

Does man know all he thinks? Can thoughts lie unknown to the thinker in the thinker's own mind for a life-long time? Is the true man the one who speaks in the state of unconsciousness, "madness," or dotage? or is the true man the one who, knowing his own short-comings, conceals them, and acts nobly whilst he feels basely? Those are the queries which Loti is brought to ask himself, when old Mother Moan, a model of virtue for seventy-three years, all at once begins in old age to shout out foul images. Are these the outcomes of folly? were they part of Mother Moan's true "self"? Did she know of these feelings and conceal them as long as reason was "mistress" in her? or did she harbour all these thoughts in herself unconsciously, so that madness alone would reveal their existence?

"Avoir été toujours bonne, pure, puis étaler pour finir une science de mots grossiers qu'on avait cachée!—Mystère moqueur!" A mystery sketched out, however, two hundred years ago by Shakspeare when he brings out of Ophelia's mouth, and of King Lear under pretence of madness, the strange songs of Hamlet's mistress—and the scathing speeches of Lear to women. (Act iv.)

Gaud, the heroine of "*Les Pêcheurs d'Islande*," is all moral effort—her love all abnegation. Whilst Rarahu's untutored soul tends to the absorption of all else by "self," Gaud, on the reverse, throws her own individuality entirely in her love.

"Yann sera pour elle, quoiqu'il arrive toute sa vie, un fiancé quelle n'aura pas, un fiancé fuyant. Elle le préférerait en Islande car les cloîtres de la mer le lui gardaient. Aucune femme ainsi ne lui prenait!"

At a fair in Brittany, Gaud, a manner of "Demoiselle" (her father possesses landed properties), walks leisurely up and down. Seeing a handsome though rather gigantic sailor, she exclaims, "Here is a giant!" The man turns round, takes her entire person up at one survey, and thinks, "Who is this woman so pretty, with the Paimpol coiffe, yet unknown to me?" Thus do the two heroes of "*Pêcheurs d'Islande*" meet for the first time.

Their next encounter happens at a wedding, where Yann point-blank informs Gaud, without any more words, that "She, and she alone, in Paimpol—and in the 'world'—is capable of deterring him from good fishing!" This is all he says, but said with such a look, that though Gaud is the richest and the prettiest girl in the place, her heart shall hence be approached by none

However, the departure for Iceland arrives, and Yann, "le beau Yann," starts without having even so much as called again upon Gaud! At his return from Iceland same indifference on his part. Not only does he never come near her, but he courts many others. Gaud's heart is sinking, she takes the initiative, and seizing hold of a kind of business between her father and Yann's father, she walks off to their house, hoping to meet "him," but he is out "tackle buying!" so it is all useless! Before the next departure for Iceland, however, she knows he will call at her house, always touching that same business. This time, happen what may, she is resolved she will speak to him. The day comes. After such an inward battle as to feel herself half dead, she springs from her room down the stairs as Yann is going from her father towards the entrance door, and faces him.

"Monsieur Yann, I want a word with you."

"With me, mademoiselle?" and as if from fear of her mere contact, Yann effaces himself against the wall! Her heart sinks, she could not expect such disdain on his part. In a voice so husky and unnatural that she does not know it as her own—"Monsieur Yann," says she, "is our house now so repulsive to you? The night of that ball when we first met, you spoke the words 'au revoir' to me in such a manner that I had reason to believe I was not quite indifferent in your eyes?"—"No, Mlle. Gaud, we have been already talked about enough in this country; you are rich, we do not belong to the same class. I am not a man to be continually coming to your house. Good-bye!"—and he goes.

Oh, had he but listened one moment! she would have pleaded, "Forget my money,—let yourself be loved." She would have said, "I am pretty, I am honest, Yann: I love you—take me to your heart!" But none of these words should now ever be uttered: to attempt another explanation after this one, how could she?

The departure for Iceland took Yann again away. During this journey of his, however, events happened. An old woman, "Mother Moan," a kind of old relation of Gaud, lost her grandson, and through this loss, almost lost her mind. Gaud's father died, and unexpectedly left her penniless.

She sold all she had, and took up her abode with Mother Moan, earning both their livelihoods by her needle. When night came, harassed by the toil of the day, but firm and courageous, Gaud lay down in her little bed—still hoping for

Yann's return. She thought, "He cannot escape from calling on Mother Moan, as Sylvester (the deceased grandson) was a sailor on the same crew as Yann. When he calls, I shall be there, and this time I will govern circumstances, and try again."

One day she heard "La Marie" (Yann's boat) had returned. Growing feverish before the end of her "journée," she hurried off her work and started to walk home. She had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before she recognized him on the road coming towards her. She felt her feet give way. What would become of her? The same fear and mad heart-beating as at her father's house came over her; the sudden thought also struck her that she was unbecomingly *coiffé*. Oh, that she could only disappear in one of the side bushes! Yann, on his side, was quite as discomfited; but it was not to be helped, and they crossed each other. She gave him one look of entreaty; he took off his cap, and said, "Bonjour, Mademoiselle Gaud." She answered, "Bonjour, M. Yann." He hurried away, and she felt stunned. This old heart-breaking game, so often played since Beatrice and Benedick, never has been more feelingly portrayed than in these few touches of Loti. Two words—"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Gaud," "Bonjour, M. Yann," and the bubble blown by hope was burst. A second before, no sacrifice was above Gaud—but what was the use, now? She was not only to him "Mademoiselle Gaud," but a Mademoiselle Gaud, like any other mademoiselle! This was the real end of all! "Alors la chaumière lui sembla plus désolée, la misère plus dure, le monde plus vide—et elle baissa la tête avec une envie de mourir."

Time for Iceland was coming on again. Yann had just touched his pay from his employer when he caught sight of a mob near Ploubazlanec. An old woman stood gesticulating with her stick, screaming and menacing, whilst boys laughed and mocked her; they had killed her cat! Yann, infuriated, dispersed the mob. Gaud, coming back from Paimpol, hastened to the group, and lifting her eyes to Yann in one touching look of inquiry, said, "The mother has been dragged along, I assure you, M. Yann; her dress was all neat and clean this morning, when I left her." And whilst she spoke, Yann kept looking at her as though her poverty enhanced her charm. Her mourning surrounded her with a halo of dignity. Yann walked on with both the women.

Poor Gaud's heart was on her lips; she felt as though it would burst. What could mean such attentions on the part of Yann? They had reached their door—what would happen now? Was

he going to leave them? Or, was it possible that he should pass their threshold? Some grand decision was about to be taken—each of these three felt it.

Happiness had come home to Gaud at last. They married. For six days Gaud was Madame Gaos. Then came again the Iceland departure, and Gaud was left behind.

Summer passed, and in September the boats began to return; October, November, December. Neither Yann nor any of the crew were seen! A year went by; none of them ever reappeared.

One ominous night Yann had celebrated his nuptials with the sea. "An unspeakable mystery had presided over the monstrous wedding; the sky, draped in black, overshadowed the feast. The bride gave tongue in order to smooth the victim's shrieks. Thinking of Gaud, his earthly wife, Yann had battled hard, till, vanquished, he had opened his arms and given himself up to the fatal embraces."

After the tales of love, of despair, of passion, Loti, some years ago, gave the readers of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" the most pathetic narrative of the sad moment when the "State" orders its old servants to their "Rest," under the title "*Un Vieux*." An old sailor is sent to repose not only because he really *is* old, but because the State has declared the time has come when he "must" be so! Kervella, the sailor, has been all over the world; his frame is wiry and looks strong, yet he is internally worn by fifty years' seafaring.

"When the day came for the old sailor to part with his life of activity it was a day like any other, and none of the men seemed to notice whether this faithful servant went or stopped," writes Loti. With a pang, at night he put away his "master's" uniform, shut up his old "tattooed" body in a black overcoat, and, all accounts settled, the State having sufficiently paid him his life, he walked out of the barracks.*

Now indeed bliss has come to him! there were no more dangers, no more "duty," no troubles. A good bed, in a comfortable little house bought upon his economies, with a view on the port and a lovely little garden to care for, his wish of all his days fulfilled at last! this was happiness! and the tears kept washing his face, and his heart yearned for death!

On mild Brittany summer days, to give himself the illusion of being in the Tropics, he put his water in a cooling bottle, dressed himself in a nankeen suit, brought down his parrot, and

* In[†] Brest some of the men sleep in barracks, like soldiers,

fanned himself with a palm-tree leaf. Though he appeared to the passers-by as if in sleep, his brain was in reality living over again all his past. He remembered—he remembered he had once been young, strong, handsome; now his limp arms hung on both sides of his long empty body, overspread by a net of blue veins like a corpse overspread by worms. He remembered he had mistresses; he had been longed for and knelt to. Women had swooned under the kisses of these withered, faded lips; this dark face or that blonde one passed through his mind. Still he regretted none. Love? The mouths pouting of themselves towards caresses, the eternal charm drawing creatures towards each other, blending them in passionate embraces—all that was gone! and he cared not! His “food” was now his everything—what he would eat for supper. He remembered having had a wife. His married life lasted one spring. All the generousities of his heart, all the energies of his unemployed fondness he had showered upon her. For her he had become timid and reserved as a child; to woo her he had trained himself to refined modes of courtship quite out of his habits. “Duty” had called him away; when he returned, his wife was living with a rich old man, spending all he gave her upon fine clothes. He remembered having had a daughter, whom a sailor had robbed him of a certain May evening. The remembrance of this child brought tears to his eyes. A hideous little faded photograph of her as a “*première communicante*,” taper in hand, brought pangs to his heart. Thirty months had he counted and *de*-counted in that last expedition to China, till he saw her again. Scarcely had he been on shore, than he ran to the woman who kept her. Depositing the bag full of presents for the little girl, he flew up to her room. She was dying. He forgave, and paid high prices for a nurse, who poisoned the baby with a drunkard’s milk. There still remained the holy little grave; so from Hong-Kong he sent the woman in Brest a big sum of money to get a marble slab and an inscription to be laid on the grave. But the woman, having become imbecile, drank the money, and when Kervella came back, his child’s sacred little bones were being jostled with others in the “*Fosse commune*.” Years and years had accumulated; wounds and feats of courage had carried him to the notice of an admiral, Ambition helping, he became “*Master*,” the highest grade a “*man*” can ever attain to in France.

Thus he remembered; and now that he had come to his rest,

sleep had gone. His nights were filled with horror; his body was broken and deformed; the sea had left him to remain a solitary old man whose tears fell unnoticed by all. Why had he not died young? An animal keeps his shape to the last; man alone is condemned to wearisome old age—derision of life!

One night in March Death, who was hurrying on to Brest, tarried to twist Kervella on his bed, turn his eyes inside out, and his mouth all awry. Coming in the morning the Mère le Gall, his charwoman, said, "Tiens, mon vieux est crevé!" Whether in Papeete, or whether in Morocco, Loti's philosophical sadness leads him to the same queries as M. de Vogue before the "Sphinx," as Chateaubriand before Jerusalem.

To really thinking minds the "Sphinx" is everywhere, most of all in the mysterious sufferings of innocence! Why shame to this pure one, why honour to this lower soul? Why slavery to a poor negro girl, born with every instinct of modesty and dignity? That is the question Loti asks himself at "Fez" in the depths of Africa.

"The slave-market looks slow," interrogated I from the dealer.*

"There still remains to be sold that nigger woman which you see in the corner," answered he.

And a form closely hidden under a grey veil, crouched on the earth, rose at my bidding. It was a girl between sixteen and eighteen, her eyes brimming over with tears bespoke infinite despair; her mistress stood by her side, as miserable as herself. Though much attached to the girl, she had to dismiss her for want of money to keep her—it looked like the sale of a child by a mother!

Fatou-gaye, the "négrillonne" of the "Roman d'un Spahi," is another excellent type of the nigger, in her wildness, and also in her capacity of feeling "black-melancholy." Fatou-gaye is a kind of Rarahu—rather comical at first. "Her head," writes Loti, "was entirely shaved, save five rats' tails sticking out, and gummed with little bits of coral hanging by their ends—and one 'sequin' which served as a kind of tonsure." Setting apart this grotesque coiffure, Fatou-gaye's face was that of an exquisitely fine little Greek statue, with a skin of polished onyx, wonderfully white teeth, and eyes of an excessive mobility.

Fatou-gaye was a child-slave of the Spahi's first mistress; her dress consisted only of one row of gris-gris. One night Jean (the Spahi) had seen the proof of his mistress's infidelity. Stunned

* 'Le Maroc': Levy, Paris.

with grief, he had fallen at her door, and risen to rush madly towards the sea—the perspective for his corpse of becoming the prey of crabs had prevented his drowning. Vanquished, however, by feverish drowsiness, he had fallen asleep on the burning sands, to find himself when he woke protected by a sort of tent. Fatou-gaye had followed him, and this tent was made of her best “pagne.” For many hours she had watched him in a trance, covering his brow with kisses as he lay quite motionless. She would not have minded much if he had died, for “I would hold him so fast in my arms,” thought she, “that none could separate us.” But the palms of Fatou-gaye’s hands were roseate, and Jean looked upon her as on a kind of ape. To Loti, however, Fatou-gaye’s hands are of no consequence; her heart is the main object, and his treatment of it is masterly.

Loti’s career enters far too much in the particular nature of his talent, and his cult of his commanders is too illustrative of his professional qualities for us to omit quoting some passages in his narrative of Admiral Courbet’s death.

“The Admiral was to me the incarnation of the sublime old words, ‘honour,’ ‘patriotism,’ ‘heroism,’ ‘abnegation.’ He had the secret evidently of making himself loved, but he was at the same time rigid, inflexible to himself as to others. His orders were imperative and dry. ‘You have understood me, my friend. Go.’ A pressure of the hand, a kind frank look and with that, one went—one went—anywhere—so long as one obeyed him, one felt on the right road. Here he lay now vanquished by the two maladies of this yellow country, dysentery and hepatitis, and at the same time heart-sick at the small echo his great victories had had in France. Death in these extreme regions allowing of no ‘lying in state,’ the body of the Admiral had been embalmed, and wrapped in his shroud, lay on the red carpet of his ‘state cabin.’ After the ‘défile’ came the religious ceremony, during which time a small bird obstinately goes on to sing, perched in the folds of the flag. Never yet had I seen sailors weep whilst on ‘duty.’ Here, however, all those of the piquet d’honneur have given way.”

We stated in the beginning of these pages how much resemblance was to be found between certain characteristics of Loti’s style and those of Théophile Gautier. This would in no way tend to lessen our author’s individuality. Although decidedly more poetical, Loti’s talent is not robust as Théophile Gautier’s, not robust either as Maupassant’s, or as powerful as Zola’s. It

is of a more psychical turn, and some of its dreamy features may be attributed to his sea-life, while its irony by times seems almost an echo from the Boulevard. Loti is an outcome of the Boulevard, such as it was, in the past ; when the peripateticians Gauthier, Méry, Gozlan, and others issued their literary decrees while walking up and down from the "Librairie Nouvelle" to the Rue de Richelieu. There are no more Gauthiers, no more Mérys, no more Gozlans ; but there remains a Loti, an aristocratic-minded Loti, who talks little, and never "converses" but with his equals, sufficiently full of hatred for the "Philister" to express his disdain as did Heine in the following speech :

"Vous devez me trouver bien sot aujourd'hui, mon cher," said Heine to one of the collaborateurs of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes* ;' "c'est que je viens 'd'échanger' mes idées avec X."

Loti's vein of irony is often that of Heine ; it is dry, cruel almost, as is shown by Kervella's adventures. Heine, however, had known of fights of all kinds, pecuniary and others. Loti is now rich (through his marriage), and from his beginnings never knew but comfort, which sufficiently shows that temper depends not from circumstances but from "temperament" and personal dispositions.

Melancholy by nature, and by his almost "Breton" origin, the morbid spirit of his work is the outcome of his own feelings. He put himself last year forward for the Academy, and failed. But Loti is very young. Without adopting Fontenelle's view on the matter,

"Quand nous sommes trente-neuf on est à nos genoux ;
Quand nous sommes quarante on se moque de nous."

It is more than probable that Loti will one day sit among the "forties." To wait long enough is the great secret of life. "Il n'y a que de vivre," has truly said Ste.-Beuve, "car alors on voit tout—et le contraire de tout."

MDLLE. BLAZE DE BURY.



OLD LORD KILCONNELL.

LORD KILCONNELL was a very old acquaintance of mine, but I had never been thrown into any special relations of intimacy with him until the autumn before last, when the following little succession of events occurred, which I have at present to relate.

I had gone to spend a few days with the Carrolls, kind friends of mine of long standing, who possess the most delightful little home conceivable upon the shores of Queens-town Bay, upon the edge of one of its long fiord-like arms. All sorts of wonderful things grow in their garden; eucalyptuses and aloes; cassias and yuccas; begonias, making a glory of lichen-covered walls; a jungle of bamboos along the edge of a pool; palms—or I believe palmettos; nay, in one sheltered nook a tree-fern, which had survived two winters, although its fronds, I am bound to add, were beginning to look not a little shrivelled and sorry for themselves. Up to the edge of all this sub-tropical luxuriance the salt waters of the bay would come curling and crinkling in, salting the grass, and leaving behind them long streamers of oily-looking seaweeds, which clung to the edges of the bank, and peered up in all directions upon the lawn. I used sometimes to wonder what they and those fine acclimatized creatures in the flower-beds thought of one another!

It was autumn—an Irish autumn at its best. The sun shone with a sort of mild and sleepy benevolence upon the reluctant falling of the leaves; upon the grass, touched at the summit with a trail of brown, as though fiery fingers had been carried along it, but fresh still and green below. Standing at the window of my friend's sitting-room the morning after my arrival, I could see a rush of small wavelets carried in

upon the shoulders of the tide, and gradually filling up all the sinuosities of the little channel, each wavelet drawn out in a long fanlike tail like the train of a comet, and getting thinner and thinner, until recruited by another rush of water, which swept it round the flanks of the next green headland, over the sand and the slush, until, its impetus exhausted, it wore itself out amongst the grass and mosses at the top.

Unlike the greater part of Ireland, where the original woods have been pared to the stump (early Irish colonists like some modern ones regarding the largest attainable clearing as the source of the greatest pride), the shores of Queenstown Bay are fairly well off for verdure. Immediately opposite to where I was standing, a house with ugly, ornamental chimneys showed upon a piece of rising ground, the "Great House" *par excellence* of the neighbourhood. For all its ugliness, it was a stately-looking abode in its way, with a great sweep of wood behind, and two wide-spreading wings linked to the main body by colonnades in a pseudo-classical fashion. Big as it was, and really magnificent as was the reach of woodland carried up upon the shoulders of the hill, there was something just then to my mind at once pitiful and lugubrious about its aspect, a lugubriousness which even the glow of generous sunlight under which it lay failed to correct.

In front spread a terrace with vases ranged at intervals; then the path suddenly narrowed, and dipped into a hollow amongst the trees, where it remained a long time invisible, re-emerging at last in the form of another terrace stretching for some distance along the shore, from which it was only divided by a balustrade, also adorned at intervals with vases. Why it was I hardly know, but the whole place seemed to me to have taken on an air of decadence, almost of out-of-elbowness, since I had seen it last; the woods had grown thicker; the vases, which at this season used to glow with geraniums, were empty; the windows of the house shut, and only a barely-discernible thread of smoke was rising languidly out of one of the great chimneys.

"Is Lord Kilconnell at home?" I enquired of Kitty Carroll, who had just returned to the room from an excursion to the kitchen regions.

"Yes, he is there," she answered, joining me at the window, and looking out across the channel at the opposite woods. "He has been there, in fact, ever since we returned in July.

Poor man, it is so piteous to see him!" she went on. "He has grown to look so old. Some one maintains that getting old is a question not of going down an inclined plane, but of running down stairs—very uneven stairs—a jog, then a pause, then another big jog. If that is the case, Lord Kilconnell has gone down two or three steps at a time lately. He has never held up his head since Dermot died. He potters about the place, and has his dogs to keep him company, and sees after the eagles and seals, and the rest of the queer menagerie which poor Dermot brought together, but one can see that his heart is broken. Anything Dermot cared for—Dermot whom he is by way of never having forgiven—he cares for, but nothing else."

"What was it, I forget, that happened exactly to Dermot?" I enquired. "I was abroad at the time, and one gets so hazy about everything when one is at a distance."

"Oh, it was a bad business, and it is getting an old one now," she answered rather curtly. "Poor Dermot! what a pleasant creature he was, to be sure!" she went on in a different tone, "with all his father's charm of manner, and that delightful boyish spontaneity of his own! To see him come into a room was to feel in better humour, to realize that the world was really, after all, an enjoyable sort of planet. How he came to be the brother of that dismal prig, Lord Sagart, is inconceivable! No wonder his father liked him the best. The Sagarts are the two dullest people in existence, it would be hard to say which is the most so, and do you know they entirely decline to be considered Irish. For the matter of that they might safely do so, for no one would discover it from their wits; conceive, though, a man whose name, though he happens to be called Lord Sagart, is really Patrick Murrough, declining to be considered Irish!"

"But do tell me what happened to Dermot," I persisted, for not being freer from the vice of curiosity than my neighbours, it was naturally tantalizing to be put off in this fashion. "He ran away with an actress, or a ballet girl, or something of the sort, and married her?" I added, by way of helping her on.

"An actress? Oh no, it was worse, much worse, I am sorry to say than *that*. It was a girl down here. A girl belonging to their own property."

Kitty Carroll had left the window, but now came back and stood beside me, her hand resting on the ledge.

"There never was anybody so popular as poor Dermot was," she went on musingly. "The people about here literally adored him. Not being the eldest son, and having nothing therefore to say to the property or any of the disputed points, of course helped his popularity. After Lady Kilconnell's death he and his father spent nearly the whole of the year here, and there was always something going on. When he was not getting up pony races, or regattas for the fishermen, he was having labourers' dinners, teas for the women, bran pies for the children, I don't know what all! He used to offer prizes for the best pig, for the best rick of turf, for the best jig dancer—for anything and everything. He once offered a prize for the man who would get first to the top of a hayrick with his hands tied behind his back! His father adored him, and let him do as he liked. You remember that summer you were last here, when we all went out to Inishgowan, how you declared they were like lovers? It was always so. They agreed in their tastes, or else Lord Kilconnell made his own tastes suit Dermot's. They were both devoted to yachting, and used to make excursions together to all sorts of places, and bring the yacht back full of strange beasts and birds. Of course Dermot ought to have had a profession, but somehow he was one of those people whom you never think of requiring to do anything definite. And he was never idle, always happy, and occupied about something. All went well, in short, until in an evil hour he fell in love with this girl, Mary Delaney."

"She was simply a peasant, you say?"

"Yes, sister of a right-hand man of Dermot's—Phelim Delaney—you may remember he was his prime aider and abettor; used to look after his hawks and eagles, and helped him to dig out that cavern at the bottom of the garden. He is there still, though I fancy it must be pain and grief to Lord Kilconnell to see him. This girl was very handsome, and Dermot saw a great deal of her one summer, and got into the habit of walking about with her, and going out to meet her of an evening. He was dreadfully weak about women, always falling in love with some one in a head-over-heels sort of way. It had gone on for some time, but at last her brother discovered it. You know how anything of that sort is regarded in Ireland? The girl's character, at any rate, was gone. Poor Dermot was at his wit's end, what with shame and remorse, and his own affection for her, and the reproaches

which he knew would be heaped upon him from all sides, and the end of it was that he took her off to Cork one fine morning, and married her there before a registrar."

"And his father found it out, I suppose?"

"Of course. Such a thing couldn't but be found out sooner or later. At first he was simply indignant. But when Dermot told him that he was married to her—to a girl, remember, who had run about the place barefoot, weeded the walks and picked the gooseberries, married to a Murrough, perhaps the proudest people in Ireland, and the vainest of their blood—there was a frightful scene. Both men had violent tempers when once they were roused, though no one would have expected it from seeing them on ordinary occasions. It ended by Lord Kilconnell ordering his son out of the house, and by Dermot retorting that he would never set foot in it again if his father went down on his knees to him to do so. He left that very night with his wife and took her abroad, though where they lived, or how they lived, no one knew, for he hadn't a farthing except an allowance from his father. Lord Kilconnell's anger prevented him from writing for a long time, but at last the silence frightened him, and no doubt he was yearning all the time to be friends again with Dermot, for he tried to discover the young couple's whereabouts. Whether he found it or not I don't know, but one morning, about three years ago, he received a letter telling him that Dermot was dead, he had died after a three days' illness of typhoid fever in some small town in France—Caen, I think."

"Poor man! Poor man!" I ejaculated, looking across at the woods in all their autumn glory, at a little sailing boat just rounding the next green point, thinking of the face that used to be the brightest thing in all that smiling scene.

"How did he take it?" I asked.

"He was found by one of the servants half an hour afterwards, fallen with his head upon the hearth-rug under Millais' big portrait of poor Dermot, which in spite of his disgrace always hung over the fireplace. He nearly died, and when he came to himself and began to get about again, he was feeble and almost childish—seemed to have grown twenty years older in that one miserable fortnight. He is better now, but his memory is very much impaired, and he cannot rouse himself to take an interest in anything."

"And the widow?"

"Money was sent to her, and she was told, I believe, that a certain yearly sum would be hers, but that she was to keep away from the place, or it would be immediately stopped. There was no boy, happily perhaps, but I am told that there was a little girl, though to the best of my belief Lord Kilconnell has never enquired and knows nothing about her. He kept away from here for a year, since then he has come down from time to time, generally without being expected, and this year he has spent nearly the whole summer here. He is one of the very few people in this part of the county who has never had any difficulties with his people. They pity him—and in Ireland that goes a long way. 'He's been cruel hard sarved, th' ould Lard has, God hilp him!' a woman said to me not long since, and that seems to be the general sentiment. Now too that Dermot is dead, all their old affection for him has revived, and they feel kindly towards his father for his sake. Lord Kilconnell comes to see us now and then, and we try to get him to stay for dinner; but he is very shy, and disinclined for society, though he used to be so sociable. Now, however, that you are here I will ask him to come again. He will be glad, I am sure, to see you, and you can talk to him about old times in Italy and elsewhere."

"Do," I said, "I shall like to see him again."

A few days later, Lord Kilconnell came across the sound in the course of the afternoon, and was induced, not without some little difficulty, to stay for dinner. He was indeed greatly changed since I had seen him last. Then, though no longer young, he had been a striking man, noticeable in the youngest company for his good looks, in the brightest for the quick flash and flow of his wit. Now he was bent, old, enfeebled, I might say extinguished. It could not be said that his faculties were any of them actually gone, but the first blur of age had perceptibly passed over them. You might have compared him to a singer who had lost her high notes, his memory had not failed, but the power of perspective was no longer there; the quickness of his perceptions, too, had gone, and his mind moved slowly, and chiefly in old and long familiar ruts.

"The Cove," as my friend's hospitable little domain is called, is very popular, and it was rarely that we sat down to dinner without at least two or three unexpected guests appearing. Most of these self-elected guests were yacht-owners, or members

of the Yacht Club at Queenstown, so that a great deal of yachting talk went on, much of which was so excessively technical as to be practically over my head, and more than half, I own, unintelligible. On this occasion there happened to be only one guest besides Lord Kilconnell, a vehement and rather deaf old gentleman known as Commander Boss, an unmitigated bore, in my opinion, but a local institution, and as such tolerated, if not relished. Commander Boss's one thought day and night was of yachts and yachting, indeed I never heard him open his lips upon any other subject. As the other guest, Lord Kilconnell, had been a noted yacht-owner in his day, the Commander on this occasion directed his conversation chiefly to him, persisting pertinaciously in recalling former seafaring experiences, which he fished up from the cosy depths of his memory, despite the evident disrelish of the other man for the subject.

"Dodger, now!" he began again, when we had hoped that the topic was momentarily shelved. "Dodger, you remember, my Lord, who owned the *Shrimp*. When you knew her she was a yawl, wasn't she? but before that he had a cutter, and after that a schooner, they were all *Shrimps*. Poor old Dodger, and he has gone to the shrimps himself now!" he added cheerfully, "for he died somewhere near the Azores, and was buried at sea. He always said he was to be buried at sea if he died on board the yacht, and so he was. He was the right sort, poor old Dodger!"

There was a pause, but our Old Man of the Sea had by no means done with his reminiscences. "Sir Wheeler Jones. You knew Sir Wheeler Jones when he was Commodore of the Yacht Squadron, didn't you, my Lord," he began again. "He was Tartar; by the Lord Harry, yes! Do you remember the time he applied to the Admiralty for leave to flog his men? Oh, you may exclaim, ladies, but it is true! Ask his Lordship if it isn't. Of course they wouldn't hear of anything of the kind, and only laughed at him. But what do you think he did? Hired a fresh crew, and gave them fivepence-ha'penny a day extra on the understanding that he was to be allowed to flog them if he chose! And they agreed to it too, fast enough, be hanged if they didn't! Only one ill-conditioned cur of a fellow, whom he had given a dozen to for something, had him up before a Plymouth jury, and got damages, too, to the tune of five hundred pounds. Rum old codger, Jones! He's dead too. Got

rheumatic fever that time the *Cormorant* went down outside Falmouth Harbour, and never stood straight again. I remember his coming on board the *Cuttlefish* at Cowes with two sticks under his arms, and his face twisted all awry! There was Dalby too—mealy-mouthed Dalby, we used to call him—he's dead; died at Constantinople of the dropsy. Gad, I believe you and I are about the last of the old lot, my Lord, and, by George! I suppose we shall be slipping our anchor pretty soon too, eh? Ha! ha!"

Lord Kilconnell bowed sadly, and replied that it was probable. His manner was very dreamy, though as full of a sort of old-world dignity as ever. After dinner he came and sat beside me a little apart from the rest of the circle. We talked about old times, for though I had never known him very intimately, we had met frequently from time to time, and had a good many reminiscences in common. Now and then a momentary lapse of consciousness seemed to come over him—a sort of film over the mind; his eyes would grow misty, and an oddly fixed expression come into his face, then the attack, whatever it was, would pass off, and he would resume his courtly deferential talk as if nothing had happened.

I think he enjoyed his evening, in spite of old Boss's reminiscences, for after that he came pretty frequently to the "Cove." It was lovely weather, and he would land of an afternoon from his boat, and walk up the gravel path which led from the little pier, two of his dogs generally following soberly at his heels. Here he would find us sitting about upon the lawn, the younger people playing tennis, we of an older and staidier generation chatting or sipping our tea to an accompaniment of lapping waves, the reflections from the little fiord performing fantastic dances upon the grass and tree-trunks. Now and then a fishing or pleasure boat would appear, looking like some white blot or oddly shaped blossom amongst the leaves, the soft poetic sunlight of the South of Ireland streaming in uneven bands over the sward, and bringing out fresh eccentricities of tint amongst the orange and livid-coloured begonias which were Kitty Carroll's especial pride and joy.

We took as little notice of his coming amongst us as we could that being evidently what suited him best. He would settle himself into one of the basket-chairs, and either talk, or sit there silently stroking the silken head of Sheelah, his favourite red setter, who never seemed quite easy in her mind unless she was

cuddling her nose into his hand, her great pathetic brown eyes fixed upon her master's face. Sometimes he would grow quite brilliant for a few minutes, all his old animation reviving as he described some scene in which he had taken part, or touched off in a few words some well-known character of a generation past. It was rarely that the flash lasted more than a few minutes, however; the impulse would die out as if extinguished, and he would drop into silence, and sit dreamily twisting and untwisting Sheelah's silky ears through his fingers. His love of pet animals embraced even children, and there was one little girl, Kitty Carroll's youngest child, who shared with Sheelah the right of standing beside his knee, and having her head stroked. One day I remember he arrived with a small black bundle stowed away under his elbow, and enquired for her. "Where's Dodo? where's my little Dodo?" Dodo was not long in appearing, and received a small black retriever puppy, with the wettest of noses and tightest of curled fleeces, like an Astracan lamb's—a piece of unusual munificence, I believe, the one point upon which Lord Kilconnell had always been accounted churlish by his neighbours being his dogs. He had the best breed of setters and retrievers in the whole South of Ireland, and had hardly ever, I was told, been known to give one of them away.

I stayed on longer that autumn at the Cove than I had originally intended; another visit in the South of Ireland which I had proposed paying having to be unavoidably postponed owing to illness, and the Carrolls hospitably insisting that the time thus left vacant must come to their share. Nor was I loath. The place was delightful; the people kindness itself; we made daily expeditions in their steam launch; visited everything worth seeing in the neighbourhood; assisted at the departure of sundry "White Stars" and "Cunarders" on their Atlantic voyages; dawdled about the garden, and discussed horticulture, upon which subject my hosts were experts, and I an enthusiastic ignoramus. I got into the habit, too, of going over on my own account to Castle Murrough. (It is no more a castle, by the way, than this implement I am writing with is a stiletto, but then as every fourth house in Ireland is called castle, there is nothing noteworthy in that.)

Lord Kilconnell was always alone, and always received me kindly, seeming rather to enjoy the encroachment upon his solitude. There was something to me extremely touching in

his relations with his immediate retainers, most of whom had been born, and were growing grey in his service. He was often extremely fractious, to the length of swearing at them with old-fashioned vigour, forgetful apparently for the moment of my presence. Upon these occasions the culprit, whoever it was, would stand, hat in hand, listening to the storm of words, which in most cases seemed to me to be thoroughly well deserved. Always, or almost always, however, there was a look of forbearance, of pity, in the corner of the offender's eye, which seemed to neutralize and, as it were, reverse the relative position. Of this look Lord Kilconnell would himself seem conscious, for with a final "pish!" of anger, he would break off, and hurry away at a rate which obliged me to scuttle along in somewhat undignified fashion in order to catch him up.

After three weeks of this, in my experience of the South of Ireland, unexampled weather, a change occurred. For some hours an ominous calm "raged," as a Cork newspaper once expressed it. Then the wind began to get up, rain fell, and all at once a storm descended. Never had I seen so vindictive a storm! The flowers in the garden were broken short off at the stalks, and scattered like chaff over the walks; the trees rocked; branches were broken with a sudden snap. Everything was seized, throttled, destroyed; the whole grace and beauty of the season wrested from it at one fell swoop. In all directions the leaves were being flung about like flights of frightened birds; the birds themselves tossed like things devoid of all volition in handfuls about the sky. There was something piteous and cruel in this convulsive struggle of all nature against the invisible onslaught. The friendly trees, the brightly-tinted creepers, the orderly walks and pretty flower-borders, all wore that peculiar pathos which clings to mild and orderly natures when brought into violent contact with a power before which they are helpless to do anything but to suffer. We gathered in the windows, and could do nothing but look on at their ruin, unable, of course, to interpose a finger.

Next morning, when the storm had abated, I took an umbrella, a pair of galoshes, and a mackintosh, and crossed over the little channel to Castle Murrough, where I found Lord Kilconnell, as I expected, sauntering alone upon the terrace with Sheelah at his heels. He proposed that we should go for a turn, to which

I readily agreed. On this side, too, everything looked battered and saturated; the clouds hung grey and swollen over the dun-coloured headlands; the woods dripped at every pore. I should have preferred (galoshes, notwithstanding) a drier walk, but Lord Kilconnell turned from the terrace to the walk that took us through the low-lying part of the woods towards the shore. It was a dank melancholy one at any time, and naturally looked doubly so that day. A heavy scent of decaying vegetation met us as we advanced; there were one or two forlorn little summer-houses stuck here and there, and at one place stood an aviary, in which a sulky-looking eagle was hopping disconsolately about, who fluttered and shrieked a discordant shriek of anger at the sight of Sheelah.

We crossed one or two level bridges made of logs, under which a lazy current of water, swollen with the rain, was slipping into a small, duckweed-covered lake, and presently came to a point where the path branched, one part leading to the shore, the other to a small enclosed flower-garden, lying under a high rocky bank.

A little girl was standing close to the gate which led to this garden with a bunch of flowers in her hands, not garden flowers, but common loosestrifes and such-like weeds, which she must have gathered along the edge of the stream. She was a pretty little creature, with light golden hair, and beautiful dark-blue eyes, dressed poorly, but not like a peasant's child, in a short black frock, with a broad band round her waist, well-fitting stockings and shoes, and a straw hat with a shabby black ribbon. Lord Kilconnell, with his usual liking for children, stopped to lay a couple of fingers upon her head, and ask her her name, to which she made a blushing and inarticulate reply, and we passed on into the garden, Sheelah lingering a moment to sniff solemnly round the child, which done, as if satisfied with the result, she also trotted leisurely on after her master.

The garden, which was larger than it appeared to be outside, ended in a sort of oval curve, overhung with a high cliff or bank of rocks and earth. At this end a sound of digging reached our ears, which seemed to come from underground, and looking more closely I perceived the mouth of a passage or cave, which seemed to penetrate for some distance, and from which the sound proceeded.

Lord Kilconnell started, and half turned, as if to leave the place. At the same moment the sound ceased, and a man

appeared at the entrance of the cave, a big stalwart fellow broad-shouldered and grey-eyed. He too started when he perceived his master, and lifted his cap with an air of embarrassment. Lord Kilconnell thereupon apparently relinquished the idea of retreating, and returned the man's bow with a friendly nod.

"Good day, Phelim. Did Mr. Connor desire you to clear out that passage?" he asked.

"'Deed no, me Lard; 'twas meself thought 'twould be better. 'Tis two years and more, yer Lardship knows, since 'twas——"

Lord Kilconnell put up his hand hastily. "Yes, yes, I know. Very well, only don't do more than is absolutely necessary. This is a nice plant of *araucaria*, is it not?" he continued, turning to me, and pointing to a shrub of sickly aspect, half-suffocated by grasses and wild briar.

I replied that it was, which was perfectly untrue, and we continued looking at it for some minutes in silence.

While we were still standing in the same place I chanced to glance back towards the entrance of the cave, and perceived to my astonishment that the man to whom Lord Kilconnell had spoken was going through the most extraordinary series of pantomimes. With his head still half-turned in our direction, he was flinging his hands, now upwards, now forwards, with a gesture directed towards some one at the other end of the garden, evidently with the desire of preventing that person's approach. Curious to see to whom this pantomime was addressed, I turned and saw that the little girl whom we had already noticed at the entrance had followed us into the garden, and was now standing some little way off, close to a clump of laurels, her little face puckered up into a not unnatural expression of bewilderment. A moment later Lord Kilconnell too turned, and a smile lit up his eyes; the peculiar smile which I had already noticed awoke there at the sight of children.

"Well, little girl, so you've come to look at the garden, have you?" he said. "There, don't be frightened. Go and pick some flowers for yourself. Who is she, Phelim?" he added, turning to the man and speaking in a lower tone.

But Phelim's face had assumed that expression of impenetrable stolidity which every one who knows Ireland is intimately acquainted with.

"Is't who, my Lard?" he inquired, in a tone of the most admirably natural astonishment.

Lord Kilconnell stepped a little aside, and pointed to the child.

The man thereupon scratched his head with an air of blank unrecognition.

"Trath I dunno, my Lard. Mayhap 'tis one of thim lodger's childer that do be comin' to Kilmuck, your Lardship knows, for the say water. Bad scan to them for lettin' them trespass over your Lardship's grounds. Will I send her away then before she does be spoilin' the plants?"

"You never saw her before?"

"Is it me, my Lard? Sure, how would I? 'Tis here to-day and gone to-morrow, that sort is."

"Very well, if you know nothing about her, I'll take her back myself, and find out who she belongs to. Come here, little girl, take this lady's hand, and come along with us."

The child, attracted apparently by his voice, had gradually approached of her own accord along the walk towards where we were standing. Lord Kilconnell advanced a few steps to meet her, and they stood facing one another. At the same moment I saw an odd startled expression come into his face, and he put his hand quickly before his eyes, as if seized with giddiness; the little girl, too, seemed suddenly overtaken with fright, for, darting past us like a rabbit, she rushed up to Phelim Burne, and seizing him by the knees, pressed her little head tightly against his body as if for protection.

Sheelah barked with sudden excitement. Lord Kilconnell wheeled round like a hawk.

"Why the child knows you perfectly, Phelim! What the devil did you mean, you impudent rascal, by telling me you had never seen her before?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Well, indade, I humbly ask yer Lardship's pardon—whist, darlin' child, don't cry. Sure, I didn't want to be bringin' them into trubble, an' that's just the gospel truth. Dacint people the Slatterlys is, an' allays was, ould tinents of your Lardship's and your Lardship's father before it, safe to the day with their rint, as your Lardship knows."

"You mean that the child is a Slatterly, eh?"

"She is, yer Lardship, that's what she is, Aleesha Mary Slatterly is her name. She'd tell ye so herself only she's dashed just now, not being used to the quality."

"Every Slatterly I've ever seen was *dark*," Lord Kilconnell said, looking at the child's hair with an expression of suspicion.

"And that's true, your Lardship. This one now, she's got a little shister at home—born the same minute as herself—Rosabel Anna is her name—that's as black as the tail of an ould crow. One ov them has taken all the light colour, an' t'other one the dark, I'm thinking," Phelim ended, with an inimitable air of mature reflection upon the subject.

In spite of this last piece of circumstantial evidence, Lord Kilconnell seemed unconvinced. His eyes rested with an expression of trouble, of growing perplexity upon the child's fair head.

"Come here, little girl," he said at last gently. "Let her go, Phelim, damn you!" he added fiercely, seeing that the man and child were remarkably unwilling to part company.

"She's dashed, dashed, the cratur," the former said apologetically. "She's afraid of being skelped by her mother when she goes in for trubbling your Lardship and the leddy," with a sudden piteous glance in my direction, one which seemed to intimate an extreme desire to establish some channel of communication with me.

"She has got a mother, has she?" Lord Kilconnell asked quickly.

"Is it a mither? Niver a mither in the world, bad cess to me tongue for lyin.' Sure her mither died the day she was born, an' that's why she has the black on her this minute, the cratur'!"

This being scarcely a sufficient reason for a little girl of five or six years old wearing mourning, I here indulged in a slight laugh, on hearing which Phelim gazed at me with an expression of piteous resentment which ought to have melted a stone.

Lord Kilconnell was not apparently inclined to give up his point. "Come to me, my little girl," he said again. Then when the child had reluctantly approached with a few steps—"Tell me your name yourself, pretty one, and don't be afraid. Nobody is going to hurt you," he said, stooping down so as to bring his face more on a level with her tiny one.

The child looked up with eyes half full of frightened tears—beautiful eyes they were, blue as a blue nemophila. Then, when he had repeated his question, "Uncle Phelim 'thaid"—she whimpered piteously, stopping short and putting both hands to her eyes and screwing them vigorously into the corners.

Lord Kilconnell started upright, and looked at the man over

the child's head ; a look full of sorrow, of passionate resentment, of something too that was almost, I thought, like fear.

"Och 'tis a way they have, the childer, of callin' me uncle," that inveterate perverter of facts responded shamelessly. "'Tis because ov an ould song—'Teddy the tailor's uncle,'—I do be singin' them," he added calmly, though his lip trembled as he spoke, and his brown cheek, I saw, had visibly paled.

This was too much for Lord Kilconnell's patience. "How dare you stand there lying to me, you scoundrel?" he thundered. "Tell me this very instant who the child is, or by God I'll——" His hands, which were clenched, suddenly opened, and he caught at the air as if trying to find something to support him.

Much alarmed, I seized hold of him, Phelim ran to the other side, and between us we kept him upon his feet. I was convinced that he was going to have another stroke, but by a great effort of will he recovered, and as he did so he looked round, first at the child who had shrunk away behind us, then at the man, who stood trembling and scarcely less frightened beside him.

"You needn't tell me any more lies," he then said feebly ; "I know whose child she is, I know——"

He stood upright, shaking off our hold of him as he did so, and seizing the child's hand, he started off at a rapid walk.

I followed, perplexed and not a little alarmed, not knowing in the least what he proposed doing. We left the garden, Sheelah trotting after us, and turned away from the house in the direction of the sea. I heard other steps, not Sheelah's, following upon the gravel, and knew without turning round that Phelim had also followed, unable doubtless to endure the suspense of remaining behind. Luckily we had not far to go. Before long we came to a good-sized cabin, standing in the middle of the wood, and almost hidden by a dense growth of overgrown laurels and tall dilapidated elder-trees, whose blossom, I remember, was filling the air with their heavy narcotic scent. The door of the cabin was shut, and the whole house looked deserted ; but Lord Kilconnell went straight up to it, and struck a single loud resounding knock on the door with his walking-stick.

There was a minute's pause—a pause as of consternation—and then it was cautiously opened, and an old woman in a blue homespun dress and striped shawl peered cautiously out. At sight of the two who stood there she uttered a loud scream of terror, and ran hastily back, evidently with the intention

of giving a signal to some one within. She had no time to do so, however. Quicker than thought Lord Kilconnell followed, I after him, Sheelah after me, and we all stood inside the cabin. There in the middle of the floor stood a young woman, dressed in black, who had evidently just sprung to her feet, for she still held a little stocking she was knitting in her hand, a handsome creature, with brown hair and grey eyes, like Phelim's.

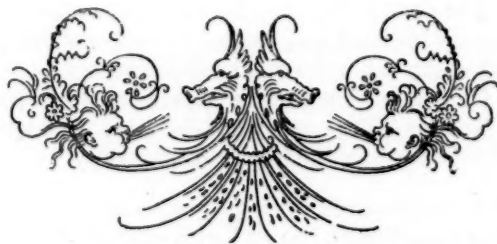
There was a pause, weighted with I knew not what of ominous suggestions. Then the girl—she seemed little more—suddenly sank upon her knees, and began to sob. At first hardly audible, her sobs gradually rose in the silence, louder and louder until the whole cabin seemed to echo with them. The old woman, too, caught the infection, rocking herself to and fro, and wailing as if in the presence of a corpse. It gave me the strangest, most overwhelming sense of death, an uncanny eerie sensation, such as I had never felt before. It seemed to affect Lord Kilconnell too. The impulse, whatever it was, that had brought him to the cabin seemed all at once to desert him. His anger appeared suddenly to die away. He glanced vaguely at me as if to ask me what I counselled, what he was to do in this unforeseen dilemma. A fresh impulse, this time the determining one, came from the little girl, whose hand he still mechanically retained. Pulling it away she ran forward, and flung herself upon her mother, with a loud cry of distress, which added its innocent plaintiveness to the volume of sound, and from this refuge looked back pitifully at the old man, her blue eyes flooded with tears; those eyes which I now recognized instantly to be those of Dermot Murrough come to life again in the face of a little child.

It was the turning-point! His courage, his endurance, so long maintained, broke down. Covering his face with his hands, Lord Kilconnell too fell into helpless sobbing—the heavy, labouring, slow-coming tears of an old man, the first tears, I believe, he had shed since Dermot Murrough died.

My story is finished. Mrs. Dermot Murrough left her mother's cabin the next day, but she was *not* turned adrift. There happened to be a good-sized cottage vacant, formerly inhabited by a steward, with a garden, but no other land, attached, and into this she and her child were formally inducted. Lord and Lady Sagart were furious, I was told, and wanted,

right or wrong, to have the "shameless creature" driven from the property. This, however, served her well rather than ill, there being few things Lord Kilconnell resented more than any hint of interference on the part of that little-loved eldest son of his. Two or three evenings later I happened to be returning alone to the "Cove" in the steam-launch, the rest of the party having got out at another point to walk home. The boatman took me close under the Castle Murrough woods, and I instinctively looked up at their tangled luxuriance, rising curve above curve—very brown and battered, by the way, those curves had grown to look during the last fortnight. The chimneys of the "Great House" were nestling against the sky, sending out columns of pale-violet smoke; a squadron of rooks were swooping downwards with much croaking clamour to their roost in the big elms; the sunset light was palpitating in rapidly paling dots and streaks upon the leaves and trunks; upon the more or less dilapidated gazebos and aviaries; upon the little boats curtsying gaily at their anchorage in the clear brown water. And higher up, upon the broad gravel terrace which lay immediately in front of the house, I could see three figures—those of an old man, a dog, and a little girl—who were pacing leisurely to and fro in the gathering dusk.

EMILY LAWLESS.



THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE.



I.

BEHOLD how small a hurt to maidenhood
 —The least pin-prick for finger—can avail,
 So that in spite of jerkin and plate-mail
 The indignant thorns in this enchanted wood
 Rise up in waves of blossoming thorny flood,
 And make with their sharp fence perpetual jail,
 Wherein lie princely captives 'neath the bale
 Of that dark drowse that might not be withstood.

But as I gaze upon the face and mind
 Of him who at the fulness of the year
 Comes seeking Peace enwrappt in slumber deep,
 I almost pray the bush shall never bear
 But shields, the sword no fitter sheath shall find
 Than this rose tangle, so that war may sleep.

II.

Couched at the feet of that old, hoary king
 Asleep above the laws he fain would mend,
 The Dante-faced and blue-robed councillor friend
 Leans on his hand and dreams of that new thing
 He thought of ere the soft bewildering wing
 Of slumber touched his forehead ; purple-penned
 The book lies open, what the King shall spend
 Sleeps in the bag, the harper cannot sing.

So roll the hundred years, in gorgeous sleep
 The arras hangs, but still with open eyes
 The roses through the lattice push and peep,
 And still where sits the standard-bearing Moor
 One thing must wake to give back sun's surprise
 And colour's marvellous life,—the shining floor.

III.

Above the well the maidens three are sleeping ;
 Above the maidens three the roses blow ;
 None pass the long dark gateway's arch to know
What tryst beside the fountain they are keeping.
Above the cloth the shuttle no more leaping
 Rests 'neath a drowsy hand, and down below
 Half-wound the wool-ball lies, from rafters glow
The unwoven yarns new come from colour-steeping.

Sleep, maidens three, the wells of fate are dry !
 Sleep, maidens three, the loom of fate is still !
 But Até's ball upon the floor beneath,
And Love's red roses that o'er-canopy
 Your slumber wake, they have not lost their will ;
 Love cannot sleep, nor Envy swoon to death.

IV.

Now know I why so wistful was the face
 Of that dark knight before whose naked sword
 The thorny casket opened where was stored
Love laid in slumber, sleep with beauty's grace.
Behold, this is his lady's sleeping place :
 There lies her jewel-box with added hoard
 Of rose-leaf gems, her golden hair is poured
Above a rosy cushion—but the lace

Of bed-quilt jewelry has never moved :
 She has not sighed nor turned in sleep ; she lies
 And dreams of things beyond the hundred years ;
 The fateful morning's light is in the skies !
 The roses flush and fall, a footstep nears !
And Beauty wakes to find herself beloved.



HELIGOLAND IN 1890.

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" Green is the land,  
Red is the rock,  
White is the strand—  
These are the colours of Heligoland."

It would be impossible to describe the tiny little isle in the North Sea better in a few words than is done in this bit of an old song which probably owes its existence to a patriotic Heligoland poet. Even in the postage-stamp, the national colours are introduced, and the islanders never get tired of displaying them in houses, scarves, flags, &c. The sun-brown island sailors will go to a dance—and they are very fond of dancing—with bouquets of green leaves fastened to red-and-white geranium-sprigs in their coats. Indeed, the patriotism of the 2000 Heligolanders would be hard to match. In their opinion there is no place in the world, there is no island, like Heligoland. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire may think their land the centre of the world, but the Heligolanders in their quaint language call their red rock "Det Lunn," *i.e.* "The Land."

Heligoland is an abrupt rock nearly 200 feet high and about three-quarters of a square mile in size. A staircase, the Treppe, of about 200 steps, cut out of the red crumbling rock, leads up from the foot of the rock, the Unterland, on the south side, to its top, the Oberland, and connects two villages of the above names. The outlook from the top of the rock is like standing on the deck of a big ship, looking over the boundless ocean. The island is "roofed in green," according to a local proverb; but this green roof only affords pasturage for some sheep, a few goats, and half-a-dozen cows. These are the only quadrupeds, except mice, inhabiting the island. The Heligoland rabbit is a myth of foreign invention.

On a fine day a lounge on the Oberland is highly enjoyable. Everywhere the strong warm sea-wind meets you. Every face tells of sun and salt waves. The tethered sheep and goats rub

their noses against the hands and faces of the girls who come to milk them. You hear the milk bubbling in the pail, while under the cliff the white waves dash against the red rocks, and sink back with a gurgle in half-submerged caverns. The butterflies hover in the air round the edge of the rock, as if to make the solitude more intense in the midst of the boundless expanse of waters. Surely this is an idyllic scene, if there ever was one.

The Flora of the island is not much richer than its Fauna. Some flowers and potatoes grow in gardens and sheltered places, and the main thoroughfare of the capital, Oberland, bears the significant name Kartoffel-Allée (Potato Avenue).

During the greater part of the year the Heligolander is content with sufficient fishing to keep life together, and an occasional wreck or two to bring some life and excitement. But during the bathing season, which lasts about ten weeks, or from the middle of July to the end of September, the life of the island is transformed. Everything centres round the guests, who are a source of wealth to the Heligolander. I will try to give some idea of the daily life of one of these important beings during the season.

He takes his breakfast in a sumptuous Oberland hotel, and then walks down the Treppe, where on each step he must stop to answer the "Morgen," *i.e.* "good morning," of the pretty Heligoland maidens and the sturdy seamen, a constant stream passing up and down. He may also go down by an elevator, if he is too weak or too lazy for the Treppe. Then he buys his bath ticket and places himself in one of the sailing-boats bound to the *Dünen*, or Sandy Island, which is a sandbank, nearly one mile distant, where the whole sea-bathing establishment is set up. All charges are fixed by the Governor, and the guest is never overcharged. On arrival at the *Dünen*, if a male, he is landed on the right side of the bank, if a female, on the left. In this primitive way the sexes are separated. The white sands are dotted with green bathing-boxes; the waves, warmed by rolling over the wide expanse of sand, break in a white salt spray over the head of the bather and thrill him with tingling pleasure. The water is clear and pure as crystal. Then our guest dresses, strolls to a café on the *Dünen* and takes his second breakfast, as hungry as a wolf. This over, he lounges or lies down on the warm sand till he sails across to Heligoland, which he reaches at one o'clock. At half-past one the steamer arrives from Cuxhaven, and the passengers, the



new contingent of bathing guests, have to walk through a lane of scrutinizing fellow-beings. The post arrives, and then a band of music plays on the beach or in the evening in the Conversation House. This building serves as a ball-room twice a week, and also as a theatre and as a club. Our bathing guest can wind up his day, if he pleases, on a verandah on the edge of the Oberland, especially on a calm summer evening; the talk and the laughter and the music from below come floating up towards you, and, as it were, hover round the edge of the rock, blending themselves with the heavy moaning of the sea. Our guest would not sit in this place on a winter evening when clouds of surf fly over the island. Then he is comfortable at home in Hamburg or Berlin.

The life of the Heligolanders is not so dull as it is commonly supposed to be. Dancing plays a great part in their lives. Three or four times a week the two dancing halls of the island are open for the waltzing sons and daughters of Neptune. The dance, advertised at 8 or 8.30, never begins before 10 o'clock, when everybody has finished work. The entrance fee is thirty pfennig (4d.). As you enter the low-roofed ball-room the girls sit round on rows of low forms, while the men have to stand. The girls wear little white woollen shawls, mantilla-like, over their heads, and look very pretty in them. They all dance well and gracefully, for they have much practice. All the dancers, male and female, know and call each other by their Christian names. The national dance is "Sling mien Moderken," a curious sort of intertwined and twisted step. For this dance the band demand an extra fee. No drunkenness is seen, unless, very rarely, in the case of a drunken foreign sailor.

Once a year, in August, the coasts and caves of the island are illuminated. A procession of boats, headed by the Governor, rows slowly round the island; the boats are hung with Chinese lanterns, while the island is ablaze with fireworks. The black waters and hanging precipices, lit up for a moment by the red and green fires, are very startling. Out at sea the island shines, to use the words of the captain of a steamer, "as a glowing gem of fire." The whole winds up with "God save the Queen," in red letters of fire.

In the church of the island may still be seen the last trace of the Danish occupation; the Danish flag, Dannebrog, is painted on the roof. There are some old wall-paintings, illustrations of Bible history. Satan is here represented with a wooden leg, and a

round knob at the end for a foot. Hence the proverb: "In Heligoland the Devil goes on crutches." During the season an English sermon is preached once a month.

Many strange customs still survive among the Heligolanders. It used to be the custom that before the father gave his daughter away he had a discussion with her lover, in the course of which he ran down her character as that of a worthless girl, but this is now a thing of the past. For many days before the wedding the bridal bed is being adorned as well as possible with linen, lace, and curtains, and all the friends and acquaintances come to wonder at the "bedmaking" and its splendour. Each visitor gets a spoonful of warm wine. Every Heligoland wife, no matter how old she is, takes special pride in her bed. After the ceremony in the church the bridegroom himself fetches all the guests. There is a national cake, made for this occasion. The woman who makes it invariably enters the banquet room and demands compensation for having burnt a hole in her chemise in making it—which, of course, is not the case—and always gets the value of a new chemise. Then there is a triumphant walk over the whole island, and the bride dances her marriage dance at the dancing-hall before retiring.

When a child is baptized, the baptismal font is filled by children, who, each with a cup of water in his or her hand, pass it in a procession and pour in the water. They are looked upon as the future playmates of the new-born, or they are kindred by blood, or both together.

Theft is impossible in the island, as everybody knows everybody else's possessions. The fares are too high for beggars to come over from the Continent, so there are none of them. When a man is arrested, he goes himself and rings up the warden of the prison and tells him that he is to lodge there. There is a story that once the islanders tried to wreck a ship because of the advantages to them resulting from it, but I doubt if it is true. The average death age of the islanders is sixty-three, which is uncommonly high compared with that of other countries.

Heligoland has a history which goes very far back. Tacitus speaks of it as *insula oceani*, in which the sacred rites of some tribes took place. Hence, probably, its name, Heligoland, or "Holy Island." Lindisfarne was also called by the Northumbrians "Holy Island." Missionaries landed in Heligoland in 699, and in those early times it is connected with the Danish king Helgi. The smallness of the island is accounted for in

this way. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins were murdered here, and in consequence of this act a great part of the island sank into the sea. Adam of Bremen mentions Heligoland in the eleventh century. Under Canute the Great the island was united with Denmark and England. Heligoland acknowledged the dominion of Slesvig Holstein and was Danish at all the times when the Duchies were Danish.

About A.D. 1600 the shoals of herring left the neighbouring seas of Heligoland. This great loss was attributed to the following occurrence by the islanders. Once when the annual procession round the island was going on, a shout rose that the herring were in sight. The men forgot their piety and ran to their boats, and the crucifix that was carried in front of the procession was thrown down and broken. Thus Heligoland lost the herring shoals.

In 1684 a Danish man-of-war captured all the Heligolanders out fishing, and sent a message that unless the island surrendered to their king they would put all the fishermen to death. The wives and mothers at once took the ducal officers and officials prisoners and gave the island up to Denmark. Heligoland was Danish throughout the eighteenth century. In 1807 it was taken by the English without shedding a drop of blood, and now a glorious time began. During the Continental blockade it was the headquarters of a large smuggling trade. The island was literally covered with English goods for seven years, and any price was paid for the storage of them. Never had the island seen such a happy time, but it came to an end in 1814. In 1820 the Heligolanders took an oath of allegiance to George the Fourth, who added to his title "Supreme Lord of Heligoland." The same oath was taken to William the Fourth and Queen Victoria. The Queen is very popular in the island, and her Jubilee was kept in every nook and corner of the red rock with great festivities.

In 1868 the island was granted a new constitution and became a Crown Colony. The Governor is the autocratic ruler of the island. He has two councils at his side, but the members of both are nominated by himself. No vote can be carried against his will. He is his own Chancellor of the Exchequer. He makes his own laws, and the dissent of a member can only be entered in the minutes of the meeting. This works well, and most of the improvements in the island are due to the Governor, as the Heligolanders have no initiative in that direction.

The language of the Heligolanders is a Frisian dialect, which in spelling and pronunciation bears a much closer resemblance to English than to the common literary High German. Many words are identical, and seamen do not always distinguish between the two languages. The Frisian saying,

"Buwter, breat en greene tzie  
Is guth Inglis en guth Fries,"

(Butter, bread, and green cheese  
Is good English and good Frisian,)

is a good example of the lingual ties which they are conscious of. The days of the week and many other examples of the lingual affinity might be given. A guide to Heligolandish, called "Snake Jim Hollunder?" (*i.e.* "Do you speak Heligolandish?"), though it is the only help to learn the language, is full of blunders and errors. It may be mentioned as a curiosity that there has been a good deal of etymological investigation by German professors for the origin of the local name Bill-berg. All their learned disquisitions, however, were cut short by an old bluff sailor, who explained that this eminence on the island was named after a he-goat, Bill, that was the pet of the English regiment on the island, and when he died had been buried solemnly on this spot.

There are no horses in the island, but there is a story that once an Englishman rode up to the Oberland, and that an old woman who had never seen a horse was so terrified by this apparition that she fell senseless to the ground.

Heligoland is proud of its one ghost. It is the ghost of a Lutheran missionary who was thrown down from the cliffs by the Roman Catholic islanders in 1530. But the next day he stood on an outlying rock and preached, and converted all the Heligolanders. Whenever piety is on the decrease, he is seen, though the rock which first served him as pulpit has now succumbed to the sea.

In 1864 the Danes won a great victory at sea off Heligoland over the united Austrian and Prussian fleets. The neutral English territory in which the Austro-Prussian fleet sought refuge saved it from complete surrender, as Admiral Suenson, who commanded the Danish fleet, was obliged to respect neutral territory and stop his pursuit. If Heligoland had been German then, no Austro-Prussian ship would have escaped. This is the only "Battle of Heligoland."

## THAT FIDDLER FELLOW.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"NOW it was not till I had got out of the house," the old man went on, "that the idea entered into my head that I had been fooled. I ran nearly all the way home, vowing that if I did not find the dagger as the fellow had described, I would come back and do for him straight away. Luckily, my girl was out, and there was no one in her room. I locked the door and began fumbling in the bolster. At first I thought there was nothing there. The sickening idea occurred to me of one of the servants having found it and taken it out, for I did not really believe the fellow had lied to me. But after a while I felt something hard ; then, following it up with my fingers, felt out something in shape of a skewer—beyond doubt, the dagger.

"I tore the bolster case off. The end of the bolster had been unripped, and pinned together cleverly, so that the join did not show. I pulled the rips asunder, and plunging my hand among the feathers drew out this dagger, and knew—great heavens!—that the fiend had spoken true—that my girl, if morally guiltless, was, legally, a murderess?"

He paused a moment, overcome by his feelings.

"Well," he went on, "I found the dagger, as I say, and I have kept it, as you see, till this day. But now I want you to take it, boy, and to swear to me that you will carry it out in a boat and drop it far out in the bay. I have not much longer to live, boy, and I want this evidence of the past to have vanished when I am gone."

So I promised, little knowing what a very different fate was in store for the venomous-looking little dagger.

"But my story is not finished," the old man resumed. "I said nothing to my girl of the paper I had signed agreeing to her

marriage with this fiend. I could hardly see how I was to do so without telling her all the circumstances that had driven me to it; and that of course I could not do. I was in such a state of mind that I do not know what would have become of me if it had lasted long. It did not occur to me, now, to doubt the fellow's story. Without doubt, I thought, he had told the truth. I had seen what he could do in the way of making my girl, without her own knowledge, take the fiddle upstairs and lay it on my bed and come down again; and if he could do that, why could he not just as easily make her take the dagger and plunge it in George Craigie's heart?

"Just imagine, boy, what my thoughts must have been each time that I looked at my dear girl and pictured her stabbing to death her lover—probably just as they were in the midst of an innocent embrace! I knew her to be guiltless of this murder, morally speaking—and yet one is so beset by one's prejudices that I could hardly help shrinking a little even from my own girl. And then I would hate myself so for this feeling, and would try to be all the kinder to her for it afterwards, as if to make up for the thought I had had of her. Besides all this there was the dreadful possibility that at any time the Fiscal's suspicion might be more keenly aroused, and my dear girl might have to learn all the details of this dreadful tragedy which she had unconsciously enacted.

"But all the rest of the day I watched every in-going and out-going of my girl, for fear that this foreigner, with his diabolical power, might meet her and spirit her away. I tell you, boy, I am certain I should have gone mad, had it lasted long.

"But it lasted short time enough. The morning after I had had the interview of which I told you with the foreigner—the very next day my girl, who was generally long before me in the morning, was not down when I came to breakfast. I called to her, but she did not answer; and I then told the servant to go up and say I was downstairs.

"In a few minutes the servant came back with a scared look on her face. She said my girl's door was locked on the inside. She had called through many times, and had rattled at the door, but could get no answer.

"I went up with a sick feeling at my heart. As the servant had said, the door was locked, and though I called several times my girl gave no answer. Our houses are not very strongly



built, and in my anxiety it did not take me many moments to burst in the lock.

"I rushed in with a fearful dread of what I should see. It was not as I had expected—and feared. I had had visions of my dear girl lying dead—but, so far from that, there was no human being, alive or dead, in the room at all! The bed showed that it had been slept in. On a chair were my girl's clothes, folded, apparently, as she had taken them off. But most remarkable of all—in fact the only thing noticeable—was that on the table lay, like a sheaf of golden corn, a mass of beautiful hair, and beside it the scissors with which, no doubt, my girl had cut it from her head.

"And where was she? How could she have flown? The door was locked—the window bolted. How? Why? Or whither?

"These were questions for which I could find no answer. Had she, in grief for her lover's death—or even with some awakening knowledge of how it had come about, been impelled to self-destruction, in a moment of despair? The cliff was so temptingly handy!

"I went to the cliff-edge and looked over, but there was nothing on the beach below, and the water rippled peacefully and told no tales. Besides, if she had committed suicide, why take this pains to cut off all her golden hair? And had she gone out unclad?—for even her nightgown was upon the bed!

"Leaving, as hopelessly insoluble, the riddle of how my girl could have left her bolted room, I spent the morning in going distractedly from one house to another of those where I thought it possible I might learn tidings of her; but I found none. Then I felt constrained to do what I had determined I would not do save as a last resource—go and question this accursed foreigner. Could he be in any way connected with her disappearance. Had he not told me—though in the turmoil of my thoughts I had paid but little heed to it—that on the morrow I should say "Where is she?" and she would be gone?

"I called at his lodgings, but the servant said he was not at home; and then, after a moment's hesitation, asked me to wait a minute while she went to speak with her mistress. Almost immediately the landlady appeared, and asked me to come in. She said she was glad that I had called, because she was in some perplexity and would be thankful for my advice. Mr. Mattei, she said, was not in, and, moreover, she could not think

what had become of him. He had gone to bed, according to his usual custom, at a rather early hour, but in the morning, when the servant went to the door of his room, she received no answer; and on going in (for the door was not bolted) found him to be gone out. There was nothing alarming about this; but breakfast-time came, and the foreigner still had not put in an appearance, and now it was about four o'clock in the day and he had not yet been seen. What did I think was the best thing to be done? He had taken with him a fiddle—not the one which poor George Craigie had smashed with the golf club, but another, and a small portmanteau was also gone; but the majority of his things were left, and the rent had been paid up only the day before. There was no suggestion on the landlady's part of an attempt to defraud.

"Of course I could not fail to connect his disappearance with that of my girl. The shearing off of her beautiful hair—her own clothes left behind, all pointed to the conclusion that she had gone off in some disguise—possibly that of a boy, I thought. But how had this accursed fellow, whose diabolical power seemed almost irresistible—how had he lured my girl from her room, through bolts and bars, at dead of night?

"And then of a sudden it occurred to me that that night, in my dreams, or between waking and sleeping—I had heard the sound of music, and had for a moment wondered if it were the foreigner. Then I had concluded it must be my girl, and wondered at her playing at such an hour of the night, but had thought that she was thus, perhaps, solacing the hours in which, in her grief, she could not sleep. So I had turned over and gone to sleep again, fool that I was!—and in the morning had forgotten about it. But now the sounds came back in my ears, almost as if I were still hearing them—I used not then to be so haunted by this mysterious devilish music as I am now. That has come upon me by degrees in the years since.

"Oh, why had I not got up then—fool that I was, I repeat!—when I heard the music? For I fancied then, and believe still, that it was by means of these sounds that the fellow roused my girl and brought her under his influence. If only I had then got up I might possibly have saved my girl from the clutches of the monster, though by what means he got her from the room I cannot tell. Great heavens!" the old man screamed, in a sudden paroxysm of fury that was horrible to see, "if I could but meet him once before I died I would take vengeance on him

for all the ruin he has brought into my home. See there! there! there!—if that were his heart, and that, and that, and that”—and as he spoke, he raised and turned himself on one elbow on his bed, and at each exclamation drove the dagger with all his force into the pillow. It was frightful—the murderous rage of this wretched old man, with the gaunt arms and neck, venting his fury on the pillows of his death-bed! I watched him with a kind of fascinated terror. Indeed I have often wondered how I bore so well the strain of the uncanny story, told at midnight, in the dimly lighted sick room of the old ghostly, creepy house whose silence was but emphasized by the occasional dubious noises that reason said were rats while fancy could not but suggest for them less common-place explanations.

“And my girl was gone,” the old man said, resuming his story in a quieter mood. “My girl was gone, and to what fate I could not guess, but gone, I doubted not, to be the slave of this foreigner and his diabolical influence, and I had signed the contract which would help him to establish his power! For days I went about, hopelessly trying to find out whither they had gone, and many would have thought me mad could they have seen me nursing, like a mother her dead child, the dead golden tresses which my girl had shorn from her head. They were all that were left me of her, and I kissed them a hundred times a day.

“But neither at Cupar nor Dundee nor any town whither they might have fled to catch the coaches could I learn of any news that could help me to trace them. The inquest over poor George Craigie took place, and resulted in an open verdict. No one was ever indicted for trial; and what the neighbours said of it I know not, for indeed, if their suspicion pointed in the direction of my house at all, it is probable I should have been the last to hear of it.

“Thus two years passed—two blank dark years in which I heard no tidings, and I began to deem it certain that I was never to learn more of the fate of my poor girl; and then, at length, all of a sudden, long after I had ceased expecting it, and certainly from a most unexpected quarter, came news—such as it was. You may know, perhaps, that among our fisher folk are constantly on hand small enterprises of a questionable, illegal kind—such as smuggling—and that amongst themselves they are wonderfully close of their secrets. You see it is necessary it

should be so. It is so easy, on a dark night, to give a push to a mate and send him overboard. The sea tells no tales. Punishment of a tale-bearer is so easy. Therefore, there is honour among them, of the most perfectly reliable kind, whether in respect of these small illegal ventures, or, maybe, an occasional less venial one. But there is a power, boy, as you will come to learn, that is greater than even such a sentiment as this of enforced honour—and that power is love. And one of these fisher fellows fell in love with one of my servants who had been devoted, as all were who knew her, to my poor girl, and to curry favour, as I suppose, with his sweetheart, this fellow, as my servant was telling him, for the hundredth time most likely, the story of my poor girl's disappearance, hinted that he fancied that he might, if he chose, tell something that would show how her disappearance was effected. Once he had said that much, he soon found himself obliged to tell all he knew. It was a case of giving up his secret or his sweetheart. So, under solemn promise of secrecy, he told this woman how, as they set out from St. Andrews' harbour on a certain night in the autumn of two years back, the foreigner, whom they all well knew and well liked, as the gentleman who fiddled to them in the evenings on the quay, had suddenly appeared on the vessel's deck from off a boat in which the fisherman could not distinguish sufficiently to identify him—so at least he said—the features of the rower. With the foreigner was a boy, of very fair complexion, who seemed to be the foreigner's servant and carried his portmanteau. The fisherman said that the skipper had given up to these passengers the cabin, such as it was, of the smack, and that all the men had had to sleep together in the forecabin. The skipper told them that they should be liberally rewarded for this inconvenience, and the promise was thoroughly fulfilled.

"The foreigner spent much of his time on deck and pleased them all by his fiddle-playing and his affability, but the boy scarcely appeared at all. The skipper did not put out a net or a line or trawl, until they had put their passengers on board of a Dutch fishing vessel; after which my servant's lover knew no more of them, but doubted not that from the Dutch ship they had disembarked at some foreign port.

"Now, though the fisher fellow had seen so little of the so-called 'boy' that accompanied the foreigner he yet expressed himself as having no manner of doubt that this supposed boy was no other than my girl. He judged this partly from the

personal description, which my servant gave him of my poor girl, partly from the secrecy with which the foreigner and his companion left the country, and partly from an indescribable something which the fisherman spoke of as something not quite natural-like about the boy's appearance, doubtless the awkwardness which my poor girl would necessarily feel in wearing men's clothing.

"The fisherman told this story to my servant under promise of the strictest secrecy, and it was not till some months later—not, in fact, until he had jilted her for some other sweetheart, that my servant told it to me; and then it was with many apologies for having hidden it from me for so long. And when she had told me, of what service was it? It explained nothing of the mysterious means whereby my girl had been taken from a fast locked and bolted room, and, that apart, did it put me a step nearer the finding of my girl, or the learning of her fate? No, it is all blank—it is all mystery. She might as well be—I often hope she may be—in another world.

"So that, my boy," said the old man wearily, sinking back upon his pillows, "is all my story, and that is the truth of what has turned all my life to misery. You are the only one to whom, in all these years, I have told it; but I now have a feeling that I am near my death, and I seemed as if I could not go down to the grave without having made some one a sharer of the burden of it."

#### CHAPTER IX.

One does not readily conceive a much greater contrast of climatic conditions than that which the bright smiling city of Florence presents to the sad grey hues of grave old St. Andrews, nevertheless in Florence, a few weeks before Mr. Macpherson's narration of the story which has occupied the last two chapters, a scene was being enacted which had a most important bearing on the present history.

In a room of one of those many-storied, many-windowed houses which overlook one of the bridges spanning the Arno, were three persons—two men and a woman. Both men were dark, but whereas one wore the habit and tonsure of the priest, the other bore a very tolerable resemblance to the stereotyped gentlemanly villain of the modern stage. The woman, on the contrary, was of remarkable fairness, with a face whose intense refinement indicated an almost morbid sensibility.

The men were conversing in undertones, now and again glancing towards the woman, who sat, taking no notice of them, in an attitude expressive of the deepest grief. Heavy sobs again and again shook her delicate frame. Presently the younger of the two men, none other than Signor Mattei, the violinist and mesmerist of St. Andrews, rose from his chair, and saying to the priest with something of a sneer, as he glanced towards the woman,

"I resign her to the consolation of the Holy Church," left the priest and the woman alone together.

The woman had half arisen, as if to follow Signor Mattei, but hearing his last words sank again on her chair. As soon as the door closed the priest came rapidly to her.

"What has he been telling you?" he asked in a quick whisper.

"Oh, he has told me dreadful things!" she said, speaking scarce coherently through her convulsive sobs, and in broken Italian. "He has told me that before leaving Scotland he compelled me to an awful deed—that I am my lover's murderess—that my own hand stabbed to death the one man on earth I loved, in obedience to his fiend's will. He has chosen that till now I should not know it, but now it comes back to me that I did some awful deed of that nature, but I fancied that I had killed one who menaced my lover's safety, and not my lover. Let me tell you, Father," the wretched woman said, dragging herself to him on her knees over the floor; "I believe he has told it me to torture me. He delights in my misery, and one of these days he will make me kill myself, so as to be rid of me. Oh, I do so hope it will be soon! It would not be a sin, would it, Father, if I did it without knowledge?"

"Why do you not leave him, flee from him, my daughter?" the priest asked compassionately, without committing the imprudence of hazarding an answer to her question.

"Because I cannot leave him, Father," she said piteously. "He uses his power to keep me. Do you think I would not leave him if I could?"

"True," said the priest, comprehending her. "Doubtless you cannot. But," he added, after a moment's thought, "there is a way by which I might be able to help you."

"Oh, if you but could," said beseechingly the wretched Edith Macpherson, for it was, of course, she. "But ah no, it is no good. His power is irresistible."

"Listen, my daughter. I am about to tell you what you



must swear never to divulge, for it might greatly ruin my position in our Holy Church. I too have some knowledge of this mesmeric art. It will be long, maybe, with every willingness of surrender on your part, before my power over you shall become sufficient to influence you to resist the power which this man has acquired upon you, but in time, in days or weeks, it must be that with the aid of my influence you shall be able to separate yourself from this man and from his power. I shall have full leave to visit you, for he deems me his friend, as I might have been had he not laughed defiance of our Holy Church."

"Oh Father!" she said earnestly. "How ever grateful I should be if you could deliver me from him! Yet," she added with a change of tone, "yet even so, whither could I go? There is no place for me on earth."

"To your father's house in Scotland," said the priest with decision.

"Ah, to my father's house!" she echoed sadly. "Could I dare go there when I left it in such a manner, and with knowledge of what he has but now told me? Whom should I find there, and how would they receive me, such as I am? Yet, Father, save me only from this man, and I will go wherever you command me."

The priest proceeded to execute some mesmeric passes, to which the woman at length partially yielded, though not without obvious physical and mental trouble, due doubtless (though the method of its effects are not even yet rightly understood) to the conflict in the one over-wrought system of the different magnetic influences of the priest, and of Signor Mattei.

The visits of the priest and the exercise of his influence were many times repeated, after this first attempt. At the commencement it was only after some length of time that the subject yielded to his power, but by degrees it came to have an almost immediate and unbounded sway, until he was one day able to announce to her:—

"You are free, my daughter. By the power of my suggestion you may now be able to resist the influence of this man. You are free to go whithersoever on the earth you please."

## CHAPTER X.

"So that, my boy," the old man had said to me, at the conclusion of his narrative, "is all my story, and that is the truth of what has turned all my life to misery.

"This dreadful knowledge," he went on, "of my dear lost innocent girl's part in her lover's death has been ever haunting me, and I cannot think of it without the accursed fiddle music coming tingling in my ears. Give me the whiskey," he said. "It is the only thing that will hush it. I hear it now—it fills the whole room. Why do you not give me the whiskey?" he asked in fierce impatience as I sat motionless.

"Hush," I said. "Listen!"

"What," he said excitedly, "do you hear it too?"

"Yes," I said, "I do, distinctly. Let me see."

I moved towards the open window, where, from below, rose a strain, soft but unmistakable, of violin music.

Could it be my fancy, under the influence of the old man's extraordinary tale?

No. I shook myself to feel that I was in my senses, but the music would not be denied. As I looked out of the window my eyes, used to the light, dim though it was, of the feeble flickering lamp by the old man's bedside, could distinguish little. The moon was down. The summer lightning still played against the distant background of cloud. The old castle reared its ruins against the sky, and I could see the sharp edge of the cliff, twenty yards from the house, silhouetted against the different tone of darkness of the waters of the bay which splashed upon the beach below.

By degrees my more accustomed eyes made out the uneven single-rail-fencing a yard or so from the cliff, and as the music came skirling up through the still night to the accompaniment of the placid swashing of the sea, I fancied that, in the deep shadow to the left, I made out something like the figure of a man.

"There is certainly some one there—I believe I can see him," I said half under my breath, straining my eyes to pierce the darkness. "Yes, there is certainly some one there.—Ah, he has stepped back now, and I can see him quite plainly against the sea. I can see his arm moving as he plays."

I continued to gaze out, filled with wonder as to who this mysterious midnight player might be. On a sudden I heard the sound of a door opening below. The violinist played lower, as if he too were on the watch. I looked, and a figure in a white fluttering robe appeared from the house. It crept over the sward towards the violinist.

With an exclamation of surprise on my lips I glanced back into the room. Great heavens!—the bed was empty! The old man was gone!

In a moment the truth flashed upon me. It was he, this figure in white that crept through the darkness upon the violinist—he, armed, I doubted not (though of course I could not see it) with the slender snake dagger.

For a moment I turned towards the door. Then, drawn by the fascination of the scene below, came back to the open window and watched, holding my breath in the supreme excitement of expectation, and incapable of speech or action. Against the background of the sea and the dark cloud which the lightning ever and anon illuminated, I could now distinctly see the motions of the violinist as he continued playing. Did he not perceive the stealthily approaching white figure? He played slower and slower. It was like the charming of a snake. Was he charming, by his weird music, the crouching, snake-like figure that was creeping upon him, armed with sharp serpent-fanged dagger? Now, as he played, the violinist began to walk, with a sidelong gliding movement, over the sward, and, as he glided away, the white crouching figure crept upon him closer and quicker, closer and quicker, until it was almost upon him—when, with a sudden sound of light mocking laughter which startled me till my heart seemed to leap to my mouth, the violinist ceased playing, and, with a quick movement, disappeared.

In an instant, with a scream of fury that was like an intensified echo of the violinist's laughter, the white figure leapt forward also, and in a moment it too had disappeared. What meant it—this double disappearance? In the excitement of the moment I at first deemed it somewhat in the way of a miracle. Then the simple explanation leapt to my mind—the violinist had fled down the underground passage which led from the old castle in the direction of the harbour and of the labyrinthine passage below the remains of the Cathedral. The violinist had fled, and the old man had followed in pursuit.

I knew no fear now—the excitement was too intense. With

silent speed I hurried down the stairs and out through the door whence the old man had commenced his stalk of the violinist. I ran to the mouth of the passage—nothing was to be seen or heard. Down the darkness I groped my way, feeling with my hands the earthen wall, now on the one side, now on the other, stumbling over clods and stones. At length, having made some thirty or forty yards of this painful progress through the darkness I stumbled over a larger boulder than usual, and fell, full length, upon the ground. I can recall to this day the thrill of horror with which, as I painfully raised myself, I felt a gentle hand laid upon my shoulder.

I uttered an exclamation of terror. Then a sad, quiet voice, close beside, said to me out of the darkness, "Hush, boy, go away. Can you not leave the dead in peace?"

It was a woman's voice. I stretched forth my hand and it met with a shoulder over which the tresses of the hair flowed. Then the figure drew away from my touch, and was gone in the black darkness. I was too terrified to follow. I made my way forth from the passage and stole home to my father's house.

But in the morning the hue and cry were raised. Where was the old man gone?

As I had last been with him, I was closely questioned. I said nothing of the strange story which he had told me of his girl's disappearance, but I told the truth of the apparition of the violinist, and of how the old man had stolen forth and pursued him into the subterranean passage—of how I had followed, and of the woman's voice that had there addressed me, and of her form that I had touched.

How much or how little they believed of what I told them I cannot say; but I know that my boyish pride was sorely wounded by their incredulity. Nevertheless it was little while enough before my veracity was at least partially re-established, for an official of the law, making his way down the passage to endeavour to find out something about the old man's fate, was met by a similar female figure, and accosted in almost the self-same words. This official, however, had the advantage over me of being accompanied by a man bearing a lantern, which lantern, when its rays were turned upon the mysterious figure which thus strangely barred the way, revealed a very pitiable sight—a woman, in flowing garments, of a face which must once have been of wondrously delicate beauty, but was now worn to a distressing pallor and attenuation, with hair of beautiful length and

silken texture, but its once radiant gold saddened by streaks of white, while the eyes glowed with an unnatural, fevered intensity brighter than the intelligent light of sanity.

This sad figure fled, when the officer of the law attempted to address and approach it, up a winding stair which, by the lantern's doubtful light, might have escaped notice an infinity of times, so concealed was its entrance by a jutting escarpment of the rock of the passage wall. At the head of the winding stair, when the officer of the law followed in pursuit, appeared a blank wall of earth; nevertheless, since the figure had disappeared somewhere, it was evident that through this seemingly dead wall there must be some way of ingress. Close examination with the lantern showed that this dead wall was not of a connected piece with the earth around, though artfully fitted, and coated over with some concretion, over which the spiders had swung their webs till it was almost indistinguishable from its surroundings. For a while no means of opening the door were apparent, until the attendant chanced to notice a bolt, resembling the stop of an organ, on pressing which the whole door revolved on its own central line as axis.

And where then, on passing through, did the officer of the law and his attendant find themselves?

In the house of the old man—in that very room whence, years before, his daughter had fled away in such mysterious manner with the violinist. It explained many things—this secret stairway leading into a wardrobe of the girl's room, and down into the subterranean passage which, maybe, had seen many a strange and untold episode of ecclesiastical history.

It explained the ease with which the girl appeared to have gone in and out unobserved. It explained the means of her flight. It explained the apparition and the noises by which the old man told me that both he and his servants had been troubled; for it was she, the old man's daughter. The figure that had so frightened me in the passage, which had fled from the officer of the law, was indeed the being who had gone off years before, a lovely girl, under the influence of this uncanny violin player.

The law officer and his attendant now found her sitting upon her old bed, taking no notice of their presence, moaning to herself a little, and rocking herself to and fro. How long she had been living there none knew. In the room were a pitcher of water and a loaf—whence obtained, who could say?

Doubtless it was to lure her back to him that the violinist had

thus mysteriously appeared, playing his weird music at the dead of night.

And where was he? Where had he gone—he and the old man, his murderous pursuer?

None knew, and in all probability, none will ever know. Maybe pursuer and pursued made their way by passages in the labyrinths known to the foreigner, and taught him by the priest of the Romish Church, to an outlet giving upon the harbour—maybe the one successfully made his way thither, while the other was lost or left in the passages—or maybe (to which view I mostly incline, by reason of the words which the woman spoke to me in the passage, “Leave the dead in peace,”), the two perished together in the secret passages.

This, at least, is sure, that nothing has since been heard of either—that vigorous search along all the labyrinthine caverns revealed nothing; and it may be that, in her half-crazed state, the old man’s daughter covered them over secretly in some obscure winding or corner, or entombed them in some recess.

Many aver that the uncanny music is still heard skirling up through the dark passage—and whether it be so I cannot say, for to me personally it has never, save on that one night, occurred to hear it.

The law effected an arrangement by which the old house was held by trustees for the behoof of the poor crazed daughter of the old man, who was quite harmless in her insanity; and for the few remaining years of her life she inhabited the room which had used to be hers in her father’s house. The old house is now pulled down—there is no vestige of it—and when the Principal’s present house was built the underground passage was walled up for good and all, and there is now only the entrance of it, beside the Castle, to remind one that it once was there.

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Now with regard to all that the old man told me. I must confess that at first, as a boy, I hardly knew what to think. Then, as I grew older, I gradually inclined to utter disbelief of it, being unable to credit that the influence of one human being upon another could go so far as to make that other commit so unnatural a crime; nor could I conceive how the girl could have remained in ignorance of her act. But it is part of the chief business of age to learn distrust of the rash and hasty judgments of youth, and accident having re-directed my attention to the now far better conducted inquiries into the phenomena of what



we to-day call hypnotism, I have been driven to confess that not one iota of the story of the influence of the violinist upon this impressionable girl was contrary to the conclusions of the rigorously scientific experiments and investigations carried on of late years at the Salpêtrière and elsewhere. This foreigner appears to have neither claimed nor employed powers upon which further research has tended to throw even a doubt, though to many who have made no investigation of the latest recorded results of this branch of science they may appear utterly incredible. Rather he appears to have anticipated the demonstration of certain facts which have been somewhat of a revelation to modern Europeans, however familiar they may have long been to the wise men of the East.

It is now proved beyond dispute, that a hypnotized patient will punctually obey a suggestion made to him (or, oftener, to her) not only hours, but days and even weeks before.\* It is also proved that by the suggestion of amnesia (*i.e.* telling the subject that she shall forget all that happened while she was in the morbid state) this injunction also, improbable as it may seem, is perfectly obeyed, though it would appear that, when re-hypnotized, the subject will re-awake (if the paradox may be excused) to knowledge, or to such knowledge as was permitted or suggested to her, of the acts of her previous hypnotization.

In Denmark the dangers attendant on the practice of hypnotism are so fully recognized that it has been made a penal offence.

In fact, from the point of view of its criminal possibilities, the case cannot be more pointedly or briefly stated than in the following words quoted from the volume on 'Animal Magnetism' by Messrs. Binet and Féré, in the International Scientific Series: "The hypnotic subject may become the instrument of a terrible crime, the more terrible since, immediately after the act is accomplished, all may be forgotten—the crime, its impulse, and its instigator."

\* Professor Beaumais succeeded in getting a suggestion obeyed 172 days after it was given. (Beaumais, "Le Somnambulisme provoqué." *Etudes Psychologiques*. Paris, 1886.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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*The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.*

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TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

Mr. Burch's criticisms on my article, "The Present Position of Electric Lighting," seem to call for some reply on my part, but as many of his points are of a much too technical description for proper discussion in your Magazine, and are moreover entirely outside of the matters touched on in my paper, I only propose to deal with what he says in a more or less general manner.

Mr. Burch no doubt presents the subject of electric lighting from the point of view of the gas interests with considerable skill, but is he not a little prejudiced in his strictures and incorrect in some of his facts?

I am not personally concerned in defending the scheme of the London Electric Supply Corporation for the distribution throughout London of electricity generated at Deptford, in fact, though one can scarcely but admire the boldness of its conception, the scheme appears to me to be a step of greater magnitude than prudence would have recommended. Still I must express surprise at the rashness of Mr. Burch when he rushes into print to state that the Deptford Station is not yet opened, when, as a matter of fact, it has, since last December, been supplying current to London regularly, and at the very moment Mr. Burch was writing his letter it was maintaining nightly 10,000 8-candle power lamps, or their equivalent.

It would be interesting to have Mr. Burch's ideas as to why he thinks applications for Electric Lighting Orders are made merely from a wish to be first in the field, for, since an Order not worked within two years is liable to be rescinded, what would be the possible use of obtaining one were it not intended to proceed with it? Here again, however, your correspondent's information is, I think, hardly reliable.

The operation of connecting house wires to the electrical street main may appear a matter of difficulty to non-electrical persons, but so would

the making of a plumber's joint to any one not a plumber. The one operation is about as difficult or as easy as the other.

A machine, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, is an apparatus with moving parts. An alternate current transformer has no moving parts, and is therefore not a machine. The convenience of a public supply of electricity is due to the facility that it gives in enabling the consumer to enjoy the advantages of the electric light without the inconvenience of having moving machinery (*i.e.* engine and dynamo that require constant attention) on his private premises. A properly constructed transformer requires no attention, hence its employment is no disadvantage whatever.

Mr. Burch does not appear to be very well informed on the subject of electric meters, or he would be aware that at the Paris competition most of the best makers of these instruments were unrepresented. Owing, no doubt, to the onerous terms insisted on by the Paris authorities, the competition included few but meters of French manufacture and design.

Mr. Burch seems to be very happy in his gas-burners. Those in ordinary use in London houses do not give anything like 12-candle power for 4 cubic feet of gas per hour. No doubt the burners are capable of doing this when new, but after a short time their efficiency deteriorates to a large extent. Mr. Burch, moreover, in his comparison of cost, leaves out of count altogether the rapid deterioration of all decorations in rooms lit with gas. The depreciation of these decorations in many houses amounts to a very large sum per annum. However, as has been previously pointed out, the respective costs of gas and electricity do not form, for the better class of residences at all events, the comparison that is of real importance.

Gas is rarely used in these houses in the more important rooms; but the lighting is effected chiefly by means of wax-candles and oil-lamps, which are exceedingly troublesome and expensive, and not a little dangerous.

With the electric switches placed in conveniently accessible positions, say near the doors of the rooms, the difficulty of finding them as instanced by your correspondent, does not occur in practice. In fact the faults Mr. Burch has to find with electric lighting cannot be very serious if he is unable to discover objections more valid than this.

Mr. Burch is pleased to wax merry over the idea of a gardener being taught to look after an engine and dynamo. I can only say that I am personally acquainted with several gardeners, two or three indoor servants, and quite a number of ordinary labourers who, commencing with no technical knowledge whatever, have, in a comparatively short time and with very little instruction, learnt to take entire charge of electric-lighting plants, and to work them in a perfectly satisfactory manner. An engine and dynamo is not one whit more difficult to manage than a gas producer, and in no wise more dangerous. For

purely mechanical reasons I do not believe that Mr. Burch would find the terminals of a dynamo a very inviting or comfortable seat, but so far as the dynamos that are used in private plants are concerned, Mr. Burch must be aware that there could be no electrical danger whatever.

With reference to the state of affairs in America, Mr. Burch points triumphantly to his statistics as to the cutting down of electric-light poles in New York as proving his assertions as to the inherently dangerous character of electricity.

As a matter of fact, these statistics prove nothing of the kind, but only show the natural results of the internecine warfare at the time being carried on in the United States between rival factions of electricians, of whose quarrels the gas companies were not slow to take advantage, and the hopeless state of municipal corruption prevalent in the country. This is well understood by all who have given the slightest attention to the subject, and should be known to any one who presumes to instruct the public on electric lighting affairs.

The figures given by your correspondent with respect to the substitution of gas lamps for electric lights refer, of course, exclusively to street lighting, a matter which was not touched upon in my paper, and to take them as an instance of the respective growths of the electric and gas systems of illumination would be grossly misleading. What has Mr. Burch to say to the fact that last year 276 gas companies in the United States, and 21 in Canada, were themselves supplying electric light? Does not this show that confident as may be your correspondent as to the superiority of gas, the gas companies themselves are by no means of the same opinion?

Mr. Burch is fond of asking questions and enquiries whether electric lighting is not inherently dangerous because some one, as he states, received a fatal shock from an improperly insulated lamp, evidently supplied with current at an abnormal potential. Does he consider gas inherently dangerous because, as frequently happens, some foolish person is killed and adjoining property wrecked through an insane endeavour to discover the source of a gas escape with a lighted candle? or does he consider steam power inherently dangerous because, if an unsuitable boiler is worked at too high a pressure it will undoubtedly explode, and deal death and destruction around it?

But are the accidents, to which Mr. Burch alludes, in reality due to electricity at all? Quite recently in an evening paper I saw in large letters, the head line "Another Electric Light Fatality." Nine people out of ten who saw that paper probably assumed that the accident had been caused by electricity. But not a bit of it. As a matter of fact (the accident in question occurred at Lord Wantage's private house) it was merely a question of an electrician, while fixing a chandelier, falling off a high ladder and breaking his neck, electricity having absolutely nothing to do with the sad occurrence. Without doubt many of the

reports that are published of so-called electrical fatalities and accidents have as little to do with electricity as the above.

With regard to safety from fire, it will probably be admitted that no better judges as to this can be found than the Fire Insurance Companies, who have innumerable statistics to base their opinion on, and have every interest opposed to dangerous experimenting. The following paragraph from a publication of the Phoenix Fire Office, which is one of the largest and best known Insurance Companies in England, is therefore a sufficient answer to all that Mr. Burch has to say on this point.

"The electric light is the safest of all illuminants, and is preferable to any other, when the installation has been thoroughly well put up."

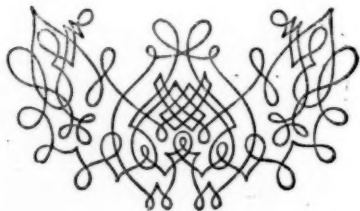
In the early days of railways and of steamships, in the early days of gas itself, there were always forthcoming persons who did their best to alarm the public at the terrible catastrophes they pretended to foresee as sure to result from these great victories of science. The agitation got up against railways was at one time very serious indeed, and ridiculous as it now appears, strenuous attempts were made to induce Parliament to prohibit a greater train-speed than ten miles an hour. Even so great a man as Sir Walter Scott wrote of the "madman who proposes to light London with smoke," but Sir Walter lived to be one of the very first persons to adopt the "smoke" for lighting a country house.

The agitation against steam and gas both died a natural death in course of time, as have all agitations of a similar character, and the public are now not so easily alarmed at the practical applications of science. Not all that Mr. Burch or others may say will, therefore, arrest the progress of electric lighting.

When all is said and done the grand criterion is success, and so far as this is concerned the enormous and increasing momentum that electric lighting has now attained is a sufficient answer to anything that can be adduced against it.

Yours truly,

A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.



## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

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JULY will be remembered as a month of Strikes and Riot. The discontent which had for some time been causing anxiety to the Authorities in the Police Force broke out at last into something like active disloyalty, and a scene of great disturbance—in which the Roughts and the Anarchists bore some share—took place round the Bow Street Station and the adjoining streets. This *émeute* was succeeded by a partial declaration of war on the part of the Postmen, and at the Mount Pleasant office a large body of men had to be dismissed for extremely riotous behaviour. Fortunately both in the case of the Police and the Postmen, the ultimate victory lay with the authorities, who appear to have acted with firmness and resource. These seditious movements, which so largely interfere with the public convenience and safety, are said to be due to the suggestion of irresponsible agitators who have gained some influence especially over the younger and less experienced men in Governmental employ. The failure of the strikes ought to bring home to the minds of discontented employés the disastrous character of such unofficial guidance.

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An act of singular munificence to the nation deserves to be chronicled. Mr. Henry Tate, of Park Hill, Streatham, desiring to establish a National Gallery of British Art, has offered the best selection of his pictures, some sixty in number, painted by leading contemporary artists, as a gift to the English people, subject to certain conditions. In the first place, he wishes that a suitable gallery should be provided, which must be completed by June 1892. In the second place, Mr. Tate requires that the direction and government of the gallery should be in the hands of certain independent managers, entirely distinct from those who are at present concerned with the National Gallery and the Science and Art Departments at South Kensington. The Treasury has expressed its willingness to accept Mr. Tate's gift and to provide suitable galleries, but it refuses to pledge itself to make the direction as independent as the donor desires. It would be a thousand pities if the nation were deprived of Mr. Tate's generosity owing to the stringency of his conditions, or else to the obstinacy of the Government, and it is much to be hoped that some compromise may in due time be effected.

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It would be impossible to describe a more interesting sight than that which brought together over 23,000 people on the occasion of the London School Board Fête at the Crystal Palace, to witness, in the morning, a school Choir Competition of eight entries, and, in the afternoon, to listen to a really wonderful concert on the Handel orchestra given by 5000 of the children and pupil teachers, who combined serious musical work with a large amount of play during the day in a very delightful manner. The great orchestra looked like a huge, gay *parterre* of spring flowers, as indeed it was, for the many-coloured garments and badges of the children, and still more the freshness of their youth, combined to make the comparison most striking. We have seldom heard anything more impressive or touching than the full tone of the fresh young voices giving out, to the well-known old-fashioned tune (usually sung to "While shepherds watched their flocks by night") the words—

‘We are the children of a King  
Who reigns in Heaven above;  
Yet loves His children here below  
With true and perfect love.’

We were prepared by two similar festivals for a high standard of excellence, in the singing; but three portions of the day's work exceeded all expectation. First of all the reading at sight of the Competing Choirs of a piece of music of no mean degree of difficulty in three parts, written for the occasion by W. Roston Bourke, Esq., Chairman of the School Management Committee; it was performed without hesitation, and in four instances, without a mistake, as to notes; second only to this, comes the singing at the concert in three and four parts of 5000 children taught separately, *without one combined rehearsal*, an almost impossible feat, as it seemed, easily and admirably performed. Those who know how difficult it is to keep the attention of a large body of children, can realize how excellent must have been this training when a moment's inattention to the conductor's beat would have resulted in a terrible *fiasco*. Little less wonderful was the reading at sight of the 5000 from hand signs (so much employed in the Tonic Sol Fa system), an exercise often in two parts, which was sung with a decision, and firmness of tone, that did credit alike to teachers and taught. The judges were Sir John Stainer, and Mr. W. G. McNaught, H.M. Inspectors of Music in Training Colleges, to whose untiring efforts for educational advancement in music the rising generation, and indeed the whole country, owe a great debt of gratitude and an entirely altered and enormously improved musical standard. Such work as that done at the School Board Fête Festival is the result of the struggle of years for a place for music in the education of the children of our National Schools, with the wonderful results already described. This is the true way of providing "music for the people;" for such instruction for our children cannot fail to form in time a music-loving nation.

"Jeanne d'Arc," of which every one had heard so much, has come and gone, leaving, we are afraid, a somewhat lugubrious impression behind it. In two scenes only, in our estimation, did Madame Sarah Bernhardt rise to the heights we are accustomed to look for from her, one being her wonderful exit at the end of Tableau I., preceded by the lines :

"Seigneur Dieu tout-puissant, j'implore ta bonté !  
Laisse, laisse ma vie en son obscurité  
Et daigne rejeter, par une marque insigne,  
Un fardeau si pesant sur une autre plus digne !"

and secondly, the scene in the cell at Rouen, where Jeanne, after insult and ignominy are heaped upon her, turns with contempt upon her conquerors, and pours forth her wrath in patriotic verse. There Madame Bernhardt rose to the situation, and held it firmly till the curtain dropped at the end of the fourth act. But "dull and long," is the verdict heard on quitting the theatre, and relief is not offered by M. Gounod's music; the incessant repetition of the march movement becomes wearisome, though possibly necessitated by the subject. Altogether, however, the great musician is not at his best, and two really charming songs were ruined by being sung dismally out of tune by Madame Andran. Even the spectacular department was a disappointment, nothing being so finished, or so generally well put on the stage, as we are accustomed to at the Lyceum under Mr. Irving. The Daly Company have been acting some eccentric comedies and two serious dramas, "The Taming of the Shrew," and "As you Like It," in which Miss Rehan has won golden opinions.

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#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

The "Grand Prix" is won, and the fashionable world is fast leaving Paris, so that visitors coming now see it at a great disadvantage. The animation of the Boulevards has so far diminished, that it is comparatively easy to cross over; whereas a month ago the attempt was attended with serious risk, and required the utmost caution.

The Parisian coachman considers that it is the duty of a foot-passenger to get out of his way, and if he does not manage to do so, well, it is his own fault, and *on paie la casse*, i.e. the coachman being insured against accidents,—all fines are paid by the companies—so that his pocket and his conscience are alike at peace when he turns a sharp corner, and comes thundering down upon some unoffending victim, who is violently sworn at if he gets injured, meeting with scant compassion even from the police. They, if needful, methodically take him to the nearest "pharmacien," and then draw up a formal "procès-verbal," or official statement, which comes to nothing; a fine being the utmost penalty

inflicted, and this contingency being provided for. But if no more than a few bruises have been received, little notice is taken. We saw, lately, a French gentleman who had been knocked down in the most brutal manner, and as if purposely; he was but little hurt, and his clothes had suffered more than himself; but he was, however, in a perfect fury, and had a most vehement altercation with two policemen, insisting upon the arrest of the coachman, who had "nearly killed him," he said. The policemen listened listlessly, shrugged their shoulders, told him that he was not hurt (which considerably increased his anger), and merely added that they could do nothing in the matter—he might summon the coachman if he liked—who would perhaps be fined, but that was the concern of the insurance companies!

The *cochers de fiacre* are a standing grievance, although they have their own complaints to make of over-work and under-pay. But their utter recklessness is beyond all excuse; the number of vehicles over-turned daily, and of foot-passengers injured, constitutes an alarming total, with the result of a constant preference for tramways and omnibuses on the part of timid people, even when their social position would seem to require a vehicle of a more private kind.

English visitors are particularly liable to risk at the crossings, the "rule of the road" being reversed here; the coachman takes the right side instead of the left, which is very misleading. As to the "refuges," they are so slightly raised from the level as to be really dangerous in a crowd of vehicles; the *camions* carrying enormous stones, or endless rafters, swerving to and fro; the gigantic omnibuses, like Noah's arks, the "chars-à-banc" with four to six horses, of Messrs. Cook and Gaze, coming in strings and blocking up the way; when all these crowd round the small spot, scraping the kerb-stone, the situation of the unfortunate atom standing in the middle is scarcely to be envied! Some pitiless jokers assert that the "refuges" were only established that people might be smashed at once, instead of one by one, which was getting too troublesome.

The establishment of "ambulance vehicles" is rather significant, especially as they are in constant use and are a prosperous institution. There is rather a bitter sort of satisfaction in the certainty that everything is provided in case of a catastrophe, which is so likely to happen that the necessary conveyance is in waiting, and in readiness to come with the speed of a fire-engine to your assistance, carrying all that is needful to take you off comfortably to the nearest hospital.

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The French have gone wild on the subject of Joan of Arc, who was well-nigh forgotten a few months ago, and now suddenly engrosses public interest in a strangely general manner. We have Joan of Arc idealized by Sarah Bernhardt; Joan of Arc in a pantomime display at the Hippodrome; a Joan of Arc festival at Nancy, with a new statue by

Fremiet, which it is to be hoped is more attractive than the ugly little woman waving a banner on the Place des Pyramides, by the same artist. All the daily papers are full of leaders on the "immortal heroine;" the "*bien pensant*" papers glorifying the saint and the martyr, the anti-clerical journals trying to make her out a sort of Louise Michel of the Middle Ages victimized by Bishops; forgetting to explain that these Bishops were excommunicated renegades, rejected by the Roman Church.

A Bishop of the present day, Monseigneur Pagis, with very different feelings, goes all over France to collect offerings for the building of a church in the native village of "*la bonne Lorraine*;" for Joan was a daughter of the lost province—a circumstance which by no means diminishes the general desire to glorify the Maid of Orleans.

The Duke of Orleans, the Maid of Orleans—these different glories get somehow jumbled up together—both young, both patriotic, both recalling the name of Orleans. In the provinces especially, the Duke is taking the position of the "*Young Chevalier*" of Scottish legend; his portraits are seen everywhere, his autograph is cherished, and whole bales of the "*images d'Epinal*" (rude, highly coloured pictures), retracing the history of his captivity, are bought up for distribution in the villages. Here we see the Duke of Orleans before his judges, the Duke of Orleans in prison receiving a visit from his "*fiancée*" (poor Princess Marguerite!), the Duke lying on a pallet-bed, with a stone pitcher of water by his side; his pink cheeks nowise faded by the sufferings endured, which is certainly remarkable, for they are most lugubriously depicted. It is to be hoped that the good sense, of which the young Prince has given ample proof, will act as a preservative against the effects of too much effervescence.

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Considerable uneasiness is expressed by competent authorities at the increase of the "*Bande Noire*," or organized gangs of thieves. Twenty years ago, under the much maligned Empire, there were no more than a thousand of such dangerous malefactors in Paris; now the number is reckoned at five thousand. To the *Bande Noire* belong the men who hire apartments under aristocratic names, put in their accomplices dressed as servants; announce the coming of magnificent furniture; give large orders to tradesmen; and suddenly disappear with their booty.

Others hire furnished apartments, and come with heavy trunks (usually full of stones); after having won confidence, they also give large orders, and then make off. Jewellers are frequent victims of such adventurers.

At the "*Bon Marché*" and the "*Louvre*" a regular allowance is made for shop-lifting in the debtor and creditor accounts; the daily sum thus registered is surprisingly high. Besides amateur kleptomania, the female

accomplices of the "Bande Noire" make a continual raid on the counters, and notwithstanding the vigilance of the inspectors, they manage to reap a good harvest. We were told that these women usually wear skirts as full as fashion will allow, with very deep and capacious pockets; they also wear shoes—not boots—and have stockings cut off, so as to leave the toes free. They press close to the counters, where a rapid motion of the elbow, favoured by some dangling fringe, catches the coveted article, and throws it down. Then, quick, the foot slips out of the shoe, and the toes, exercised by long practice, draw the lace, or whatever it may be, under the long skirt, where it remains hidden, till an opportunity occurs of quickly secreting it in the pocket. The professional pilferers choose their prey very judiciously; but kleptomaniacs usually take the merest trifles; often bottles of perfume or some worthless knick-nack, which they steal in the clumsiest fashion, getting into great trouble and incurring deep humiliation without any conceivable temptation. But it is a case of partial insanity, and is easily distinguished from the deliberate adroitness of the practised hand or foot!

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#### A VISIT TO A NEWFOUNDLAND LOBSTER FACTORY.

It was a fresh June morning when we looked around us for the first time in this western harbour of Port Saunders, on the shore of the island off which the French are permitted to fish. The silence, which in all the anchorages of the island is most profound, was here broken by the voices of the fishermen, engaged in tossing their morning living catch of lobsters from their boats on to the pier-head; and there, as we turned our heads to the sounds, was the pier and its surrounding buildings of a canning establishment; and at anchor near it the envying French gunboat. This factory had been a thorn in the side of the French for six years, because of its unqualified success, and for no other reason; for here, in the harbour near and around the shores of Keppel Island, which separated our anchorage from Hawke Bay, it was worse than useless fishing for cod; while the small rocks teemed with lobster weed which these crustaceans fancy so much; and though our friends under the tricolor could enter into the competition of catching them, they were not allowed to erect permanent buildings to preserve and tin them.

Twenty miles from this place was a harbour in which the French had a rendezvous for their fishing schooners, and where their larger vessels lay at anchor during the fishing season from June till September; from this their gunboat and schooners were frequently running in for shelter or for wood or water. This factory, which was one of the first to be erected, was eminently successful, while year after year the visitors were sickening at the constantly decreasing catch of cod. How then was it possible for them to quietly watch the progress

of this factory on *their* shore without entering a protest against it, demolishing it altogether, or, at least, sharing in its profits by erecting similar structures near it, catching and tinning the lobster, and finally diverting him into French ports from those of Nova Scotia or England. The treaty of 1783 says, "And that the fishermen of the two nations may not give rise to daily quarrels, His Britannic Majesty was pleased to engage that he would take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting the fishing of the French during the temporary exercise thereof. . . ."

Here is a case ! The lobster must be caught in a creel, and the creel must be buoyed ; an old cod net now drawn over the buoys will be torn, and the settler is thus "interrupting the fishing of the French." The creel must come up, and the factory stopped. This was the actual plan followed to demolish this particular establishment ; but the enemy was defeated ; the creels were removed a little further in shore where no cod could be looked for by any scheming, and the factory went on tinning.

We had not learnt this then as we rowed on shore in the skiff to see for ourselves the process of preparation of a lobster for the London market. We pulled in to the well-built log pier amongst the boats which had just come in with their creeping and fighting freight, and 'twas odd to see the fierceness with which these black fellows seized and hauled and pinched each other. So tightly would they hold, that when you attempted to separate two of them, a claw would be drawn out of the body rather than its owner would let go his assailant. On the pier these were being thrown by the thickly-gloved hands of the fishermen, who had taken them from the creels which they had baited the previous day, counting them in pairs as they threw them up. These boats were found and furnished by the factory, the Newfoundlanders engaged in them having only to visit, bait, empty, and rebait the creels daily, Sundays excepted. Here we might note how very particular the Newfoundlander is in keeping the Sabbath. No fishing or visiting of fixed nets or creels, though they may be loaded, tempts the fishermen afloat on the Sabbath ; the knowledge of this observance amongst the fishermen accounts for the disturbances which have arisen with the French on that day ; as they have not hesitated, when wanting bait, to haul up the Newfoundlanders' nets and freely help themselves, an act not likely to be looked on quietly by the owners of the nets, and which has led to menaces and open rupture on more than one occasion. On enquiry as to the number brought in daily, we found it to average about 5000 ; but an unusually successful morning has yielded as many as 15,000, and as each morning's catch is boiled and canned before the factory is washed down, and the doors closed for the day, this would mean a long day for the employes.

From the pier the lobsters are lifted by large but light wooden scoops on to a stretcher, and carried by two men into the boiling-house. Here



a large rectangular copper of boiling water, the mouth of which was covered by a hinged wooden lid, received them, and they were instantly killed. We had somewhere heard that the live lobsters on being plunged into the liquid gave forth a sound akin to a scream, but we can testify that death is instantaneous, and not a sound came forth. From the boiler after a few minutes the red bodies were taken out, and piled on a wooden slab, occupying the whole centre of the room, a walk around this separating it from a bench about three feet wide, which ran round the walls of the room. Here men stood taking lobsters from the central pile, turning round, and with light blows of a mallet breaking the coat of the lobster, and removing on to trays the flesh of the claws and after-body, the remainder being thrown overboard as useless for food purposes. The trays were now carried into another room, where girls were employed tinning and accurately weighing their contents, who passed them on to men engaged in soldering on the lids of the tins, after which they were packed in open crates and carried into another boiling-house, where they were again boiled, and finally packed into wooden cases of four dozen each, ready for delivery to the buyers in Nova Scotia or in London; the gorgeous paper labels, and grand names of their birth-places, being added after the cases left Newfoundland. Attached to the factory were machines for stamping out the tins from sheets, rollers for making the bodies of them, and carpenters' shops for preparing the wooden cases for packing them. The domestic offices of the factory consisted of a house for the manager, sleeping-rooms for the girls, standing apart from those occupied by the men, and a general dining-room for all. The working months of the year were part of June, all July, August and September; early in October the factory hands who came from distant places were embarked on a schooner, and carried to their homes, the boats laid up, and the factory closed till the following June. No village or collection of houses was within fifty miles of them, no church or chapel nearer than one hundred; their walks were confined to a few miles of open sea-shore, and thus their isolation from all but their own little world for these months was most complete. A small clearing, with a few graves marked by wooden crosses with the names of those beneath, showed that here, even in this healthy spot, death was ever ready to add to its list of victims; and we learnt that these had been girls who had come in a state of weak health, but whose lives perhaps had been a little prolonged by the cleanly regulations, their healthy occupation, and the pure air of the situation of the factory itself.



## OUR LIBRARY LIST.

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TRAVELS IN AFRICA DURING THE YEARS 1875-1878. By DR. WILHELM JUNKER. Translated by A. H. KEANE. (*Chapman & Hall*.) Engrossing as is, at the present time, the story of Mr. Stanley's discoveries and adventures, all those who are interested in the geography or the history of Africa will read with the deepest enjoyment the record of Dr. Junker's travels. Dr. Junker has rendered great services to African exploration. He has made known a large region of Central Africa, lying immediately to the west of Lado, the capital of the Equatorial Province. His headquarters were at Makaraka, and from this place he made many journeys into the surrounding country. He explored the course of the important river Wells, which was discovered by his predecessor Dr. Schweinfurth, and he proved it to belong to the Congo system. So far as this volume carries the record, there are no romantic adventures chronicled, or any circumstances which required the sword to force a way for geographical discovery. Dr. Junker availed himself of the facilities offered by the Egyptian government of the Soudan. His most important journey was made when his party was in the company of an Egyptian military expedition; but his discovery was embittered to him by the sight of the cruel raids committed by the soldiers. The narrative, which has been so well done into English by Professor Keane that one would hardly know it not to be an English work, is fascinating as well as scientifically important. It contains valuable information about manners and customs and the types of the various people, more particularly the female types; and the illustrations are throughout good and abundant. But besides the intrinsic value of the results which they furnish to the geographer and anthropologist, Dr. Junker's travels possess an additional interest in the fact that they bring us into contact with places and personages whose names have living, if painful associations for Englishmen, and in the side lights they throw on the whole romance of the loss of the Soudan. Almost one half the book is occupied with Dr. Junker's description of his journey to the scene of his chief explorations. He travelled from Suakim down the valley of the river Baraka to Kassala, the heroic defence of which in the Mahdi war is still fresh in our memories. He lived some time at Khartoum, and his description both of the town itself and of what he

saw there amongst Egyptians and natives is very interesting. On his way south he met Gordon, and on his return to Khartoum he enjoyed Gordon's friendship. He pays him a most honourable tribute. We catch a glimpse of "Dr. Emin," whose appointment by Gordon seems to have been suggested by Dr. Junker. And lastly we hear of the mysterious and infamous Zebehr. Dr. Junker portrays the excesses committed by the Egyptian government of the Soudan, excesses which may well suggest a doubt whether the loss of that region is to be deplored. From every point of view this book is worthy of its eminent author.

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TENNIS, LAWN TENNIS, RACKETS, FIVES. Badminton Library. (*Longmans.*) Mr. Alfred Lyttelton in a few pages which he contributes to the new volume of the Badminton Library says that cricket can be played contemporaneously with any of the first three of these games, but they cannot well be played contemporaneously with one another. But if they do not go well together in practice, they are rightly connected in theory between the covers of one volume. Mr. J. M. Heathcote, who speaks with pardonable pride of his own unchallenged distinction as an amateur for many years, writes the account of tennis, the increasing popularity of which may be judged from the thirty courts which exist in England, and several new ones built in France, which, however, are a long way off from the 1000 courts which are said to have existed at Paris in the 16th century. The complexity of the game makes this part of the book closer reading than the rest. Lawn Tennis (undertaken mainly by Mr. C. G. Heathcote) naturally occupies the larger half of the volume, and it is instructive to read how in its short history of sixteen years it has undergone revolution and reaction, the Renshaw revolution of the volley, and the Lawford reaction of play from the back. As usual with the books of this series, every part of the subject is treated with care and fulness. Miss L. Dod discusses with some touches of irony and humour the achievements of women, and a very interesting chapter by Mr. Wilberforce debates the relative merits of the single and double game, freely conceding to the first the palm of skill. Rackets fall to Mr. Pleydell Bouverie, and Mr. A. C. Ainger, in a short chapter, describes the game Fives, for which he pleads that it is a game, good not only for boys, but for men whose wind is beginning to go. It is curious how uncertain should be the origin of the names of all these games. Even "fives" is uncertain. It must be admitted that this volume, in literary quality and in freshness and vigour, though not in care or fulness, falls short of its predecessor on Golf. But it is probably not so much the fault of the writers as of the subject, if they cannot compete in humour and breezy high spirits with the professors of a game which is played over miles of sea-blown links, which has a case to win, and which has at its back a whole nation, and such a nation as the Scotch!

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THREE YEARS IN WESTERN CHINA. By ALEXANDER HOSIE. With Introduction by ARCHIBALD LITTLE. (*George Philip & Son.*) In the year 1876, by the Chefoo Convention, we acquired the right to have a Consul resident at Ch'ung-k'ing in the province of Ssu-ch'uan in Western China—a town on the Yang-tse which is now open as a treaty port. Mr. Hosie went as Consul in 1881, and this volume describes three extensive journeys which he undertook in the three years following with a view to report on the character of the country and the prospect of British trade. The question has become important, since our occupation of Upper Burmah, from which many persons desire a direct trade route to the province of Yun-nan. Mr. Hosie declares emphatically that the proper trade route is down the Yang-tse, the difficulties of which he minimises. The provinces of Yun-nan and Kueichow he does not think will supply trade for Burmah until the richer province of Ssu-ch'uan has sent emigrants into these two provinces, which have been desolated by ruinous wars. Mr. Hosie has written an admirable book of travels, which possesses much higher value than could be accounted for by the extreme novelty of the country described. Travelling in Western China is, as might be imagined, a matter of difficulty: the roads are bad, and the accommodation intolerable. But Mr. Hosie has triumphed over his difficulties, and every page contains something interesting and valuable as the result of his observations. The reader gathers an idea of the conglomerate character of the Chinese Empire. The people of the two poorer provinces are largely non-Chinese, who have been conquered and their country devastated by the Chinese. Several industries are described, the most interesting being the nurture of the wax-insects which exude a deposit of white wax; and the manufacture of rice-paper. Coal and salt exist in abundance in various parts of these provinces, which also contain many cities of considerable importance. Chengtu in Ssu-ch'uan Mr. Hosie considers the finest city in China, far surpassing Peking or Canton; while Tali-fu in Yun-nan, the centre of the Mohammedan rebellion, though now ruined is in the midst of magnificent scenery. Altogether this book, which is comparatively short, deserves the highest commendation, and will probably be invaluable for those who have commercial interests in China. It suffers, however, greatly from the absence of pictures to illustrate the text, which would have added greatly to the enjoyment of a most enjoyable work. There was, doubtless, difficulty in procuring them. A few views of the Yang-tse are given; but these, though good, do not really help the reader.

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VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By W. E. HENLEY. (*David Nutt.*) Following the suggestion of Mr. Pater's title, Mr. Henley calls these papers, reprinted from various journals, "essays in appreciation;" and the effort to point out what is best, to weigh fairly in one balance

an artist's artistic skill with his treatment of subject, distinguishes these dainty pieces. They make no pretensions to exhaustive treatment, but they touch with charm of style and lightness and penetration, a great variety of literary work. They are simple, and lively, and direct, and the only thing we regret in them is the use of the vile word "plangent." One may not always agree with Mr. Henley's judgments; one may refuse to regard the 'Tale of Two Cities' as one of Dickens' masterpieces; and one may not join with him in his depreciation of George Eliot, and in his only half-disguised dislike of Thackeray, though he is probably right in regarding Thackeray's style as his most permanent merit. He would have to be very widely read in literature who could check Mr. Henley's judgment of all the writers of whom he treats; but he would be a very dull person who did not derive enjoyment and instruction from the sparkle and intelligence of these short essays. Sometimes Mr. Henley is especially happy, as in the essays on Byron, Dickens, and Beaconsfield, and he is full of things which are worth remembering, *e.g.* the saying about George Meredith that "he has genius but wants felicity." About some of these artists, *e.g.* Tennyson, we wish he had written longer. And is he right, with the example before him of Goethe's 'Iphigenia,' and Swinburne's 'Atalanta,' in holding as he does in the graceful paper on Matthew Arnold, that to revive the form of the Greek play, "is a blunder alike in sentiment and in art?" The book is as dainty in its type and form as it is in its contents, and every lover of literature will set a value upon it.

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**HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.** By the REV. W. P. GRESWELL. Under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute. (*Oxford: Clarendon Press.*) If it is true that knowledge is more consolidating even than commerce, the University of Oxford will be recognized in the future as having rendered no inconsiderable service in the work of welding together the different parts of the Empire. She has established a centre of Indian learning in the Indian Institute, and the 'Sacred Books of the East,' which her Press is publishing, are laying open to us the literature of India among other Eastern countries. The Press has now come forward to supply that information about the Colonies of which we stand so greatly in need. Some time ago appeared Mr. Lucas's 'Historical Geography of the Colonies.' The present work is designed as one of a series intended "to illustrate the progress of our three great self-governing groups of Colonies in North America, South Africa, and Australasia." It is not likely, however, that a history on this scale could be used in schools as the author wishes. And the general reader would have wished to learn still more. But the significant thing is that a book like this, intended for general instruction, should have been written at all. And it has distinct merits. The story is told clearly, from the very beginning of French colonization in Canada up to the granting of the Federal Constitution and the creation

of the provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia. The author obtrudes too much, we think, the evident pride he feels in the English system of colonization as contrasted with that of other nations, a pride in which Englishmen are not likely to be defective. But he shows very usefully the different steps through which our colonial policy has passed, and his contrast of Canada with South Africa is instructive. We should like a fuller account of the Canadian constitution, though indeed the Act is quoted *in extenso* in the Appendix. As supplying a shorter account than Mr. Kingsford's 'History of Canada,' we hope that the book will be widely read. It is provided with several maps, the best being a chart showing the progress of Arctic discovery. But it contains no good and full map of Canada as a whole.

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NATION MAKING. A STORY OF NEW ZEALAND. By J. C. FIRTH. (*Longmans.*) If Englishmen in general feel less indifference for one Australian colony than the others, that colony is New Zealand. In the first place the colony has in the past overborrowed, and Mr. Froude has scared the City man with the prospect of repudiation. But apart from this inglorious and probably quite fictitious source of interest, New Zealand has certainly superior intrinsic claims, arising partly from its splendid natural features, and partly from the romance and honour of the long war waged first by England, and then by the colonists alone, against the Maoris, a far nobler type of savage than the degraded tribes of Australia. Mr. Firth's racy chapters ought to delight a much wider circle than that of those who are inspired by the idea of Imperialism, which, we are glad to see, Mr. Firth shares. His book affords material of the most valuable kind to the future historian. It does not pretend to be history itself, but it is a series of sketches drawn from the experience of a man who has witnessed and taken part in the effort to make a civilized nation in the face of a great savage people. Mr. Firth was one of the early settlers on the North Island, and buying an estate there, came into the most various relations of friendship and hostility with the Maoris. The picture he draws of their character is on the whole as creditable to them as his sketches of their customs and beliefs are interesting and valuable to the student of such subjects. We might select as of special interest his account of his friend William Thompson (the English name of a Maori chief), who endeavoured to combine the Maoris into something like a settled state; of the *Aukati* or line beyond which they refused to permit Europeans to pass; of the custom of *Utu* or ransom, which doubtless, as Mr. Firth says, smoothed the way for the missionaries with their Christian idea of redemption. (The Maoris were once nearly all Christians, though they relapsed, and only slowly returned to the new faith.) Mr. Firth's book is full of good stories. At one point a number of persons meet together and tell tales over the fire to pass the time. A story later on, which illustrates how



the Maori policy of waiting was played off against one of their own number, is capital. There is food for reflection in the political chapters, and throughout Mr. Firth writes with the crispness and vigour of a man of action.

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PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories, reprinted from an Indian Journal, certainly deserve to be rescued from the fate which usually befalls such ephemeral productions. They show an extraordinary power of reproducing every phase of Indian life, and some of the satirical touches recall the master-hand which drew 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine' and 'A little Dinner at Timmins.' But short and slight as such sketches must necessarily be, Mr. Kipling often strikes a deeper note, and startles us with the suggestion of a pathetic and literary power which might carry him far. It is long since we have met with anything so tragic as the story of the boy's life ruined by nobody's fault, which is told in so few words and in such straightforward, manly fashion in 'Thrown Away.' And we find it impossible not to be carried away by the burning and over-mastering indignation at the folly and red-tapeism of so many critics of Indian administration which breaks forth, for instance, in 'The Three Musketeers.' Perhaps Mr. Kipling is at his best when he is dealing with soldiers. He knows them at their best and at their worst, and his knowledge is born of real sympathy. When we have read 'The Taking of Lungtungpen,' and 'The Madness of Private Ortheris,' we feel that Terence Mulvaney is a friend we could ill spare, and we advise those who have not yet made his acquaintance either in this volume or in the author's 'Soldiers Three' to make haste to repair the omission.

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DISHONoured. By THEO GIFT. (*Hurst & Blackett.*) Theo Gift's book deserves to be read by all who care for a simple and pathetic story, told in a polished and yet natural style. Olive Benison is one of the most charming heroines of our acquaintance, and though it is not quite clear why the discovery of her mother's sin should force her to disappear from society, we are glad to have the opportunity of meeting the minister and his sister, the deacons of the church and the shop-girls amongst whom she takes refuge. Theo Gift has a keen eye for character, and there is not a man or a woman in her pages whose personality does not stand out clearly before us. She seems to know Stonham as Mrs. Gaskell knew Crawford, and her descriptions are at once sympathetic and full of quiet humour. Miss Rice, the strong-minded sister of the romantic Congregationalist minister, is a delightful example of the Stonham folk, "who won't even pretend to be kind or civil when they don't feel so," and who are quite certain that it was Olive's "edication learnt her that there aren't a many places like

Stonham fur a gell to be lucky enough to drop inter." There is real pathos too in the description of the stern old father, whose hidden love for his erring wife is so strong that he will not claim his child lest her mother should fear to return alone, and whose faith in the little one bringing her home at last is shown in the gate always left open.

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JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. TRANSLATED BY MATHILDE BLIND. (*Cassell & Co.*) Miss Mathilde Blind has made so perfect a translation of the now famous journal of Marie Bashkirtseff that the sense of its having been originally written in another language is certainly lost in the reading. But its English dress intensifies by contrast the extraordinary morbidness of the diary. How much of the text is veracious is a problem which can now never be unravelled, but the truth of the unconscious portrait of the writer cannot be questioned. She meant to paint herself accurately, so much is certain; but it is more than doubtful if she was aware of the image she really traced upon her canvas. The first point which strikes the reader is Marie Bashkirtseff's extraordinary precocity. Ambition has been called "the last infirmity of noble minds." Here is a very young girl, almost a child, so morbidly alive to the verdict of her fellow-creatures that at no moment of the day or night is she free from their haunting presence. What was said of her and of her pictures, the chance of her getting this or that distinction in the Paris art world, swelled up in her imagination to such a pitch, that the fate of nations might have trembled in the scales against her own fame. And her anxieties are not stupidly expressed; eloquence and ardour, the pathos of prayer, and the utmost intensity of doubt and fear, are gathered together in sentence after sentence, and illustrate to the amazed and perforce sympathetic reader the awful importance of the issue to Marie. The same morbid estimate of her own place in the universe is shown when she realizes that her lungs are seriously attacked. "*It is I, O God! it is I!*" And it is to the excessive keenness of her feelings about herself that her incontestable literary power is due. As Eugenie de Guerin loved Maurice, and thought no trifle uninteresting which bore upon her idolised brother, so Marie Bashkirtseff loved herself, and for the sake of this central figure painted in its many backgrounds with a careful hand. Not only the studio in which she worked, and her fellow-students, but her own family, the mother who loved her so devotedly; the aunt whose unwearied goodness to her provokes occasional outbursts of petulant remorse, and dying Bastien Lepage, are all as vividly grouped as if they were the creation of a master brain; but they are only painted in reference to herself. We do not see any of them standing alone, nor understand what manner of people they were. Her really exquisite power of literary expression is wholly consecrated to one end, that of revealing her own inner self, and she seems to have been blind to the reality of the word-picture she

produced. It is surely a pity that Mr. Gladstone should have lent the weight of his literary reputation to bring the journal of this young Russian girl into prominence as a revelation of the inmost life of woman. We are fain to think that women are very different the one from the other, and that Marie Bashkirtseff was so abnormal as to touch the border line of insanity. Granting that the modesty of nature hinders most people from this excessive self-revelation, the process would surely bring out stronger, simpler, and certainly saner elements of being than those of poor Marie Bashkirtseff.

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THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE. (*Story of the Nations. Fisher Unwin.*) Mr. Morrison has brought a great deal of learning to the construction of his book, but he has failed to make it interesting or picturesque. This perhaps is due in part to the plan which he has adopted of entirely separating the history of the Jews from the description of their social life. In the first half we feel rather as if we were reading a primer, and this effect might have been modified by a judicious intermixture of some of the valuable information contained in the later chapters. But regarded as a summary of a period of history comparatively seldom treated, extending from B.C. 164 to A.D. 135, it leaves little to be desired. It is clear, complete, and entirely free from theological or anti-theological prejudice. The illustrations, which are excellent, are for the most part reproductions of those published by the Palestine Exploration Society, and the book is furnished with that most necessary adjunct, a good Appendix.

